PHOTOPLAY

25¢

Hollywood's Fashion Authority

SEPTEMBER



GINGER ROGERS
By Paul Hesse

IS MELVYN DOUGLAS A COMMUNIST?
His Own Answer

DON'T LET WAR RUIN OUR MORALS!
A Code For American Girls
By BETTE DAVIS

Riot Red and Rumpus
Take the Town!



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BY
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NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, PARIS, LONDON

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and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.



"I've been Co-ed, Trained Nurse, Mother . . . I know how Listerine fights infectious dandruff."

1 At the University of Missouri, many of us co-eds used Listerine and massage regularly. We couldn't afford to neglect distressing dandruff flakes! . . . not with hundreds of glamorous co-eds in the swim for fraternity dance bids! What chance would a girl with dandruff have?





2 At the hospital in Kansas City where I trained to be a nurse, we were taught the importance of antiseptics in fighting infectious diseases. I made frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic because of its amazing germ-killing power.

3 At a famous New York hospital doing post-graduate work, I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, Pityrosporum Ovale—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this and other organisms under control.

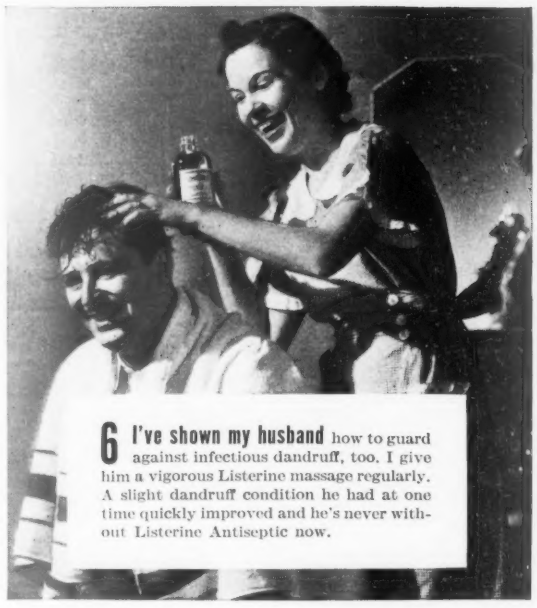


4 As a school nurse in New Jersey, I had the care of hundreds of children in rural districts. Scalp examinations were part of my regular routine. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.

5 When my own baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp and hair clean and healthy. Listerine, by the way, is ideal for cleaning the hair of children and invalids because it dries so fast.







6 I've shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved and he's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.

Listerine, In Actual Clinical Tests, Beneficial In 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs . . . if, in spite of everything you've tried, those distressing flakes and scales are still in evidence . . . *don't waste any more time*—start today with the famous Listerine Antiseptic Treatment. It is so simple . . . so easy . . . you can treat yourself right in your own home!

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Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think of it! . . . this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in clinical tests!

Start Your Treatments Now

So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't give up hope. Above all, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.



IMAGINE !

They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

CLARK GABLE

SPENCER TRACY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

HEDY LAMARR

in

BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*

PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN EXECUTIVE EDITOR
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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Luck

SOMEDAY I think I'll write a piece called "The Inside Story of An Inside Story." Behind-the-scenes developments in getting stories for a magazine like this are sometimes as interesting as the stories themselves. Luck plays an important part. But also—

As I have told you before, intuition—"hunch"—is sometimes as important as inside information. Take for instance the ever-vexing problem of Hollywood romances. Which are false, the pipe-dream of some ambitious press agent? Which are serious and may at any moment end at the altar? I must know—and don't think for a minute that I'm always right.

For example, what about Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton? The gossip columns have linked them frequently. "Cary Grant's Society Romance." It has a nice sound to it. But the real truth is (and even now my fingers are crossed) that this is one of those casual friendships, convenient for both from the standpoint of social activities and premieres but meaningless from Cupid's corner.

And of course—George Brent and Ann Sheridan, that must be a fake! Aren't they both at the same studio and aren't they to be seen in a picture together? But wait. The truth is that Ann and George are very much interested in each other. I don't know that it will end in marriage, but you can bet that this romance is pretty important in both their young lives.

Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger? He is in charge of publicity at her studio! That sounds funny, and Bette, who has always been frank with me, says there's no story. But I do know that that trip to Hawaii had overtones of a love duet.

One Sunday Olivia de Havilland and I lunched at Palos Verdes and I drove her to the flying field where she was to meet Jimmy Stewart. We were delayed in traffic, and if you could have seen the concern in her eyes!—Would we be late?—Would Jimmy be hurt?—Would he perhaps leave the field?—you would have seen how important this association is to her. When we arrived at the field we found him pacing—but because HE was late and was afraid Livvie had arrived and left! I begin to hear those wedding bells!

Yes, it's a tricky business to dope out these Hollywood romances. Friendship, hunch, luck—oh yes, especially luck.

Ernest V. Heyn

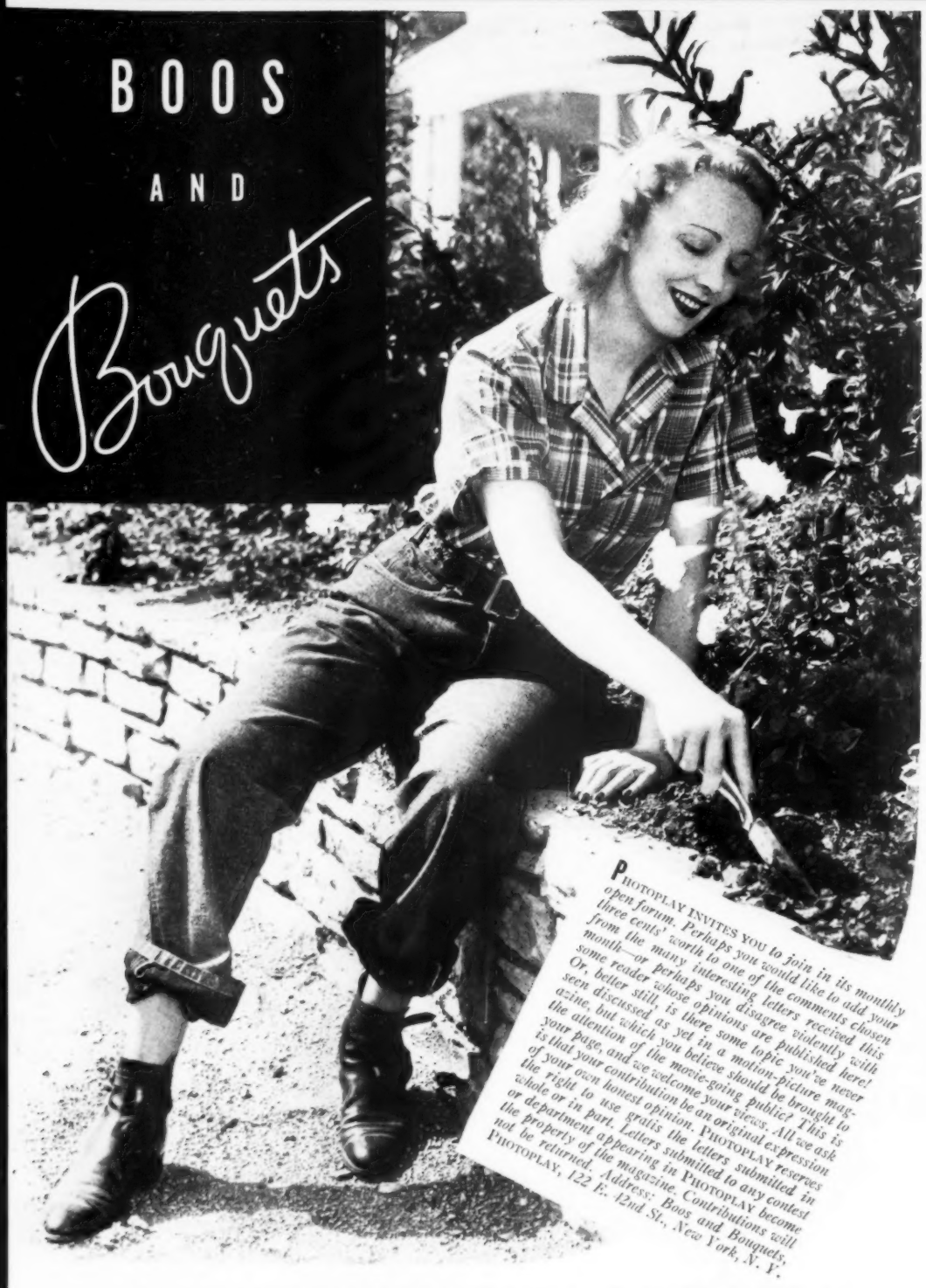
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BOOS AND Bouquets



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

From glamour to gardening: Virginia Bruce relaxes after "The Man Who Talked Too Much"

THREE GOOD REASONS FOR INSOMNIA

WE are ten Detroit Debbies who adore Walter Pidgeon and are glad to see him appreciated—at long last.

We'd like to see Preston Foster get the same sort of break. He has just as much talent and "oomph" and—if one troubles to examine him closely—he's even handsomer. In our opinion, he makes Robert Taylor look plain!

We also lie awake nights over Ralph Bellamy—only he's so silly lately. Why does he act like a big dunce?

And where is Warner Baxter? Others may come and go but Warner—! Well! He can have us any time!

TEN DEBBIES,
Detroit, Mich.

SUNBURNED-NOSE VIEW OF GARFIELD

YESTERDAY morning I had breakfast with John Garfield at the Biltmore Hotel in Oklahoma City where he was stopping on his way back to California from New York.

I was visiting a girl friend of mine for a convention and we were to breakfast at 7 a.m. Who should be sitting in the dining room but John Garfield and a friend. We asked them to sign our convention programs. Mr. Garfield was most gracious, introduced us to his friend and asked us to join them for breakfast. May I say for the benefit of his many fans he is even handsomer than he is on the screen (sunburned nose and all).

We had only fifteen minutes before joining our party, but in that time Mr. Garfield asked us many questions.

Of course, after he left, I thought of a million things to ask him, but, after all, who could think of anything while sitting at the table with John Garfield!

I've never written any letter like this before, but Mr. Garfield impressed me so favorably that I would like to tell his public what a really swell person he is.

BETTY J. SPIVEY,
Marlow, Okla.

SHORT BUT NOT TOO SWEET

PHOTOPLAY being my favorite magazine, I would like to take this opportunity to toss a few bouquets and emit a couple of loud "Boos!"

Bouquets to: Joan Fontaine for her fine performance in "Rebecca"; Vivien Leigh for proving more than a threat to Bette Davis (did you see her in "Waterloo Bridge"?); Laurence Olivier for being the most interesting young actor on the screen today; David Selznick for sticking so closely to "Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca."

Boos to (Guess who?):

PHOTOPLAY—for their weak-kneed movie critic. Example: "Broadway Serenade" (Quote): Here again the MacDonald has a hit, etc. (Unquote). The film laid an egg, was panned from coast to coast. Will PHOTOPLAY come back with an explanation in a short time? No doubt. They always do when they make a mistake in judgment.

A Great Big Boo to:

Clark Gable. When I sent him a fan letter a short time ago, what did he do? He sent it back to me with the stamp "Not accepted; return to sender." Who does he think he is? Garbo?

Hope PHOTOPLAY doesn't mind my taking a crack at it, for, even so, I still buy it every month and that's what counts, isn't it?

JANE E. DONAHUE,
Hartford, Conn.

AUSTRALIAN SHADOW

THIS is the first time I have ever written to any screen magazine, but as all film books have been prohibited in Australia, you will admit this constitutes a good reason for my doing so. I do not profess to understand how or why this has happened, but you can realize what a blow it will be to the thousands of readers of these magazines.

Perhaps the American citizen does not realize how lucky he is to have the most talked-about city in the world at his elbow with no restrictions to mar the pleasure he must get from reading about this place called Hollywood. Even the word itself is magic. It turns one's thoughts to the favorites who have reigned for years, those whose reign is over, and the rulers of tomorrow.

This is what we in Australia are giving up till some time in the future, perhaps, when war restrictions are over and all international feelings are at peace.

B. FARRELL,
Sydney, Australia.

STRAIGHT FROM A KANSAS SHOULDER

SO they've got Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong! Poor, poor girl. The first time I saw Dotty I thought, "What a beautiful girl!" Then she turned on that "I'd die for my calf" look and to finish me off she let that voice seep out. And her kisses—

If they must show off her body why don't they put her in a play suit and let her swat a tennis ball around? And if she must kiss—make it brief.

I think the gal may have something there if it had a chance to come out.

For a better, but not so sweet D.,

LANNY GYND,
Parsons, Kansas.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. GABLE

MAYBE it is because I am on the screwy side myself that I go for pictures of that type, but there is no actor or actress in movies that made me laugh as did the "Queen of the Madcaps"—the one and only fast-talking Carole Lombard.

Just recently I saw Carole's latest triumph,

(Continued on page 80)

The Bride Is Dizzy . . . .   The Bridegroom's Busy

So Ronald's Pinch-Hitting On Their Honeymoon



It's sensational—it's screwy—it's a scream—this story of a substitute bridegroom and the part-time bride he won on a sweepstake ticket. Not since "My Favorite Wife" have there been such laughs for sale at the movies. Come on . . . have fun!

Ronald Colman · Ginger Rogers

"LUCKY PARTNERS"

With SPRING BYINGTON • JACK CARSON • Cecilia Loftus • Billy Gilbert • Hugh O'Connell

HARRY EDINGTON, Executive Producer • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture

Screen Play by Allan Scott • Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry

BRIEF *Reviews*



Competent second fiddle in "Edison, the Man": Rita Johnson as Spencer Tracy's wife

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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★INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount

Never has a family been so hilariously upset by adolescent plans to earn travel money! Jackie Cooper is the troublemaker, Eddie Bracken his "helpful" friend, and Fred Niblo the father who suffers most from ensuing complications. (*August*)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

Presenting Robin Burns as a modern *Robin Hood:* Bob plays a carnival grifter who's mistaken for a preacher and makes the most of it; Mischa Auer's the town barber; Peggy Moran and Dennis O'Keefe provide romance. Corny, but fairly amusing in spots. (*July*)

★ ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO—Warners

Superb is the word for the picturization of Rachel Field's best-selling novel. And why not, since it has the Paris of a century ago as its lavish setting, a real-life murder as its climax, Bette Davis as the little governess in love with her noble employer, Charles Boyer as the unhappy duke, and Barbara O'Neil as his jealous, neurotic wife. Morbid but fascinating. (*August*)

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

Alice Duer Miller's story casts Jean Muir as the glamour girl who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a prison rap for a manslaughter job she committed, but it's pretty Laraine Day, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you'll like the movie. (*June*)

★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M

However, Mickey Rooney gets into plenty of trouble trying to track down deb Diana Lewis in Manhattan, after boasting about their non-existent "affair." Judy Garland is marvelous as the adoring girl who helps him out and Lewis Stone and Mickey are better than ever, if possible. Heart-warming stuff, as only the *Hardys* can do it. (*July*)

BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO-Radio

Three lonely businessmen befriend a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy is lured from the straight and narrow by actress Helen Vinson. It's an enervating sermon under the guise of entertainment, with Richard Carlson, Jean Parker and others doing their best. (*June*)

★ BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A—RKO-Radio

Maureen O'Hara plays the role that sent Katharine Hepburn zooming to stardom in this somber film dealing with hereditary insanity. Adolphe Menjou, as the neurotic father who escapes from the sanitarium; Fay Bainter, as the wife who plans to remarry; and Herbert Marshall round out the principals. Well done, but not for the masses. (*June*)

★ BISCUIT EATER, THE—Paramount

An unexpected treat, this charming, sentimental story of the patient efforts of little Billy Lee to make a capable pointer of the runt of a litter. Promise, the dog, and Cordell Hickman, a little colored boy, are superb. (*June*)

★ BROTHER ORCHID—Warners

The serious story of the gangster who entered a monastery turns into amusing comedy on celluloid. Edward G. Robinson is the chap who deserts racketeering for culture, only to find that Humphrey Bogart has muscled in during his absence. Ann Sothern's grand as a dumb blonde who gets there just the same. (*August*)

★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

Put Jack Benny on a dude ranch where he stages a framed holdup to impress his sweetheart, Ellen Drew; toss in an honest-to-Pete robbery; add that valiant valet, Rochester, Phil Harris' music and some snappy dance routines—and there you have entertainment that will have you cheering. (*June*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

There's just not enough action in the newest adventure of the Chinese detective impersonated by Sidney Toler, even though a Scotland Yard detective is strangled right in *Chan's* office. Marjorie Weaver and Lionel Atwill are among those involved in the not-very-exciting proceedings. (*August*)

COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO-Radio

Second in the series, Jean Hersholt is a small-town philanthropist who tries for better housing conditions and meets with civic opposition. He's supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. (*June*)

CURTAIN CALL—RKO-Radio

Small-town girl Barbara Read leaves John Archer flat when her strictly Grade-Z play is purchased by a Broadway producer for the sole purpose of irritating actress Helen Vinson. Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride are something to see in their antics. (*July*)

★ DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic

That famous "Stagecoach" team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a hand in shaping the destiny of Kansas in this film, which has Walter Pidgeon as the ruthless guerilla leader who terrorizes the country until Wayne steps in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (*June*)

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M

This time, Lew Ayres toys with the recently publicized insulin shock treatment for mental cases, thus saving the reputation of a fellow medico and maintaining his own place in the affections of best girl Laraine Day and mentor Lionel Barrymore. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia

Another of those risque setups, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Loretta Young, a novelist of a best seller glorifying the spinster, thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married" sign on the wrong car. To avoid a scandal they pretend they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (*June*)

★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down a murderer. Against City Editor William Gargan's orders, Margaret Lindsay teams up with Morris and snoops, too. The story moves swiftly and you'll have fun dissecting the plot. (*June*)

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

A confusing fantasy presents Warner Baxter as a ghost who haunts wife Andrea Leeds and all the rest of the cast trying to prove he was murdered by Lynn Bari instead of Henry Wilcoxon —not that anyone cares before the picture's over. (*August*)

EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M

Spencer Tracy gives a magnificent performance as the great inventor, but somehow his scientific trials and tribulations don't offer much excitement. Perhaps the material's too familiar. The result is educational, but not particularly entertaining. (*August*)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

Fine photography and pleasing performances make this rather ordinary story about the new Stratoliners acceptable entertainment. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris are airplane inventors; Virginia Bruce and Jane Wyman are the girls in the case. (*August*)

FLORIAN—M-G-M

A lavish production with sweep and color, but the story is curiously mixed up. It's about *Florian,* champion of the Lippizans (Austrian animals bred for the Royal House), and his influence on the lives of people. Robert Young is his trainer who is in love with a duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. Irina Baronova, the ballet dancer, makes her American debut and dances beautifully. "Florian" will enchant you. (*June*)

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—M-G-M

Not the usual Cantor girl show, but there's plenty of them, what with Eddie cast as a sad-eyed prof in a school with forty ingenues. He becomes a father by proxy when Rita Johnson abandons her baby. He hides it in his quarters, but complications end happily. Judith Anderson and youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis are excellent. (*June*)

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

Eugenie Leontovich makes a stunning American film debut as a Czechoslovakian mother whose boys follow diverging paths when their village is absorbed into the German Reich, with harrowing and disastrous results. Don Ameche is the loyan son, but Alan Curtis turns pro-Nazi; Geroge Ernest and Robert Lowery are the remaining pair. Strong, well-done propaganda. (*August*)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

Once a successful stage play, now a movie of all-right entertainment. It's about a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Enter Ellen Drew—who holds to the theory that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her catches is Ray Milland, who, incidentally, has never done better work. You'll like this. (*June*)

★ GHOSTS BREAKERS, THE—Paramount

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard encore their "Cat and Canary" success with a wacky story of a girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba and a wise-cracking columnist who gets mixed up in the mystery when he flees gangster vengeance. (*August*)

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN—Republic

More trouble for the *Higgins Family* (James, Lucile, and Russell Gleason, in private life), when they innocently start a fake gold rush in the ghost town where they're trying to run a hotel. But Harry Davenport, as *Grandpa,* manages to save the day. (*July*)

(*Continued on page 91*)

THIS

IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE

THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK

FOR THE SCREEN!



ERROL FLYNN

in the thrill-swept story of 'The Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. *Success*
With More than a Thousand Players, including

BRENDA MARSHALL
CLAUDE RAINS
DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON
ALAN HALE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

If you think you have to stay the way nature made you, you're not in the 1940 know about the newest innovation in the beauty business







1940's Carole Lombard and (top) as she was—hair frizzed around her face, Cupid's bow mouth





Before Hollywood took over, Joan Crawford's eyebrows were badly shaped, her hairdress most unflattering



In 1927 Colbert (top) had too tiny a mouth and her hair was exactly the wrong length for her odd heart-shaped face





A "cute little thing" was Mary Astor in '25. Fifteen years later she's learned how to make herself individual





Norma Shearer was proud of her long hair and curved mouth. Hollywood wasn't. Result—Norma of today



Most women are die-hards about beauty. They feel that it is something you are—fortunately—born with or—unfortunately—born without. They sigh hopelessly for the poise and assurance their screen sisters possess. They may even go home and try to copy a hair style or an eye make-up used by a star, decide such innovations are not for them and go on envying the film favorites the beauty and charm which are natural to them.

But beauty is no accident. The great adventure of gaining new loveliness can be yours. For if you don't believe that many of Hollywood's glamour girls started out with the same handicaps you are now facing, look at the portraits on this page and be convinced. These girls had the courage to experiment and to change even what they thought were their best features when necessary, a procedure which you yourself can follow.

Mary Astor, for instance, took such pride in her beautiful long auburn hair that she refused to cut it. "Eventually," she says, "for the role of a modern sophisticate, I compromised and wore the first short wig ever to be used in pictures. I found it so comfortable and so much more fun that I finally did cut my hair."

Another advocate of experimentation is Norma Shearer, who advises, "Learn by trial and error to find out for yourself what your true type is. If you're petite and naïve it's absurd to try to be langourous and exotic. Stick to your own type and then accent that type by clothes and make-up to make the most of your own personality."

Joan Crawford is one of the most startling examples of what persistence can do for you. When she first came to Hollywood her eyebrows were badly shaped, her hairdress and make-up concealed rather than emphasized the really beautiful bone structure of her face. She transformed herself into the exquisite creature she is today through her own unceasing efforts, a routine which is also endorsed by Claudette Colbert, who says, "Continual effort to improve yourself is the only way you'll succeed in making the most of yourself. You must grow and develop within yourself to maintain beauty and to avoid remaining static in your appearance and your personality."

Complete naturalness, in make-up as well as in always being yourself, is Carole Lombard's rule for beauty. "Artificiality in make-up and personality is a sure way to failure on the screen as well as in other undertakings," she warns. "You must learn to draw attention to the good points you have and minimize any bad ones," she adds.

And there you have the cardinal beauty secrets of five beautiful women. Study your type and stick to it. Experiment to find the best method of accenting that type and to bring out your best points. Be natural at all times—in your make-up, your dress and your personality. And be persistent!

"That's all very well for Hollywood stars," you say. "They have the benefit of the best cosmeticians and make-up experts in the world. But somehow when I try to experiment with my face or my hair or my clothes, the result seems to be all wrong. If I only had some expert to advise me, personally, as these girls have!"

(Continued on page 87)



Youthful Mood in Alaska Sealskin

To know your fashion P's and Q's is to choose *U. S. Government Alaska Sealskin* for your winter fur coat. It embodies the advance style mood to perfection — is kind to your figure, flattering to your face, and so fair to your purse! Enjoy its quality heritage — its highlight glow — its fluid softness — in the ravishing new "MATARA" brown or the famous rich "SAFARI" brown. And, of course, there's always the classic black . . . . . *From coast to coast, wherever fine furs are sold.*

FOUKE FUR COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo. • U. S. Gov't Agents for the Processing and Sale of Alaska Sealskins*

U.S. GOVT. ALASKA SEAL SKIN
FOUKE
ST. LOUIS
DRESSING & DYE

This mark identifies all genuine U.S. Government Alaska Sealskins Processed and sold for Government account since 1913 exclusively by FOUKE — ST. LOUIS

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

CALLING ALL COLLEGE GIRLS! We'd as soon go back to dear old alma mater ourselves if we could set off with such fine and dandy academic assets as we've rounded up for you here. Of course, there's a timely trick or two for stay-at-homes, also, just to show we think of everything and everybody. In your enthusiasm for these little treasures, don't send us the money, checks or stamps. We've listed the stores that will gladly take your orders.



1. CAMPUS CAPERS

Here's a calot that every college girl will covet, matched by a pair of mitts that will conquer the campus on sight! A butter-soft capeskin duet in fireman red, billiard green or brown, the calot sporting a saucy feather; the mittens, a wristlet that stops intruding breezes short. Calot, $3.95; mittens, $1.98. The duet at Franklin Simon's, New York.

2. A HUNDRED STROKES A DAY

One thing that college gals require is a sturdy hairbrush, and DuPont's new plastic brush with the Exton bristles will make the four-year grade and graduate with you. This child of the test tubes is built on a rolling arc so that all six rows of bristles work on each stroke. There's a comb down the center, too, that combs as you brush. $3.25. Gimbel Brothers, New York.

3. CAMPUS "BLACKOUT"

Here's one "Blackout" that's pleasant to contemplate—Grinnell's campus shoe of sooty elkskin mounted on a luminous white crepe rubber wedge that glimmers like a little glowworm in the dark. $5. Campus custom calls for knee-high socks to go with 'em—plaids with a plain skirt and "plains" with plaids. Selfix makes both. $1.50 at B. Altman & Co., New York.

4. DOUBLE OR NOTHING!

Ladies and gentlemen! The double-do-er of the season! A gold-plated gadget that grips a gentleman's tie and keeps him looking orderly. Sports a monogram too, if he likes to go in for labels! Or it doubles in brass for a pencil, recording sudden inspirations on the train or tablecloth. Also grand on the golf course, where desk supplies aren't handy! $1 at B. Altman, New York.

5. BEAUTY IN THREE EBONY PLATTERS

For a parting gift to the off-to-college girl that will bring her undying devotion—choose Elizabeth Arden's album of recorded Exercises for Beauty. There are twenty routines in all—all set to music—all perfect for shrinking mammoth mountains into streamlined molehills. $10 buys the album—a considerable sum, but a worthy investment in body beauty.

6. A LINE A DAY

Eaton's "Line-A-Day" keeps gloom away from mothers of college girls—making them happy with their weekly diary of daughter's daily doings. Dutiful daughters love this letter paper too, because writing the weekly letter home isn't so much of a chore when you fill in just one paragraph a day. White vellum printed in red or blue or brown. 47c a box at R. H. Macy, New York.

7. COLLEGE REQUIREMENTS

Lesco's little red capeskin satchel bag to tote pen and pencil, lipstick, hankie and keys to class and back — Talon-fastened and slung from a bracelet-handle, $1.95. Another required subject—the red leather belt to wear with sweaters, cinched with a giant heart on which you engrave your beau's initials and your own. $1.00. Both at Franklin Simon's, N. Y.

8. HANG YOUR HEART ON YOUR HAND

Your beau's heart, too! Dangle it beside your own from a little silver chain, sentimentally engraved with both your names. The cutest pinkie-ring of the season—and it costs a mere $1.50. Already this fad is sweeping the campuses of the country. Sakowitz Brothers, Houston, Texas.

9. SOMETHING NEW! "TWILL" SHAMPOO

Here's a new one—"Twill" . . . Hot off a famous laboratory griddle—a fragrant shampoo jelly that lathers like magic in hard water and washes your hair as clean as a babe's. A companion concoction, "Twill Hair Conditioner," begins where the shampoo leaves off, ruling waves well between washings. 75c the set at Franklin Simon's, New York.

10. SHORT CUT TO THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION

Try the new creams and lotions made by Englishwoman Gladys Royton. Reared on a tradition of peaches-and-cream complexions, she has kept her preparations pure and delicate, made to impart a porcelain beauty. Try the Acacia Cleanser, $1; the sparkling Clover Wine Astringent, $1.25; and the Pink Violet or Porcelain Foundation, $1. Flower odors and pretty packages. Gladys Royton, New York.

11. YOUR HAND, MADAME!

Wear it anywhere you please this season—anything goes that's really handy! Clip two pairs of hands to your ears. They'll look as if they were holding your lobes between them. Pin another pair of hands to your neckline to dramatize the simplest dress you own. Robert designs, from R. H. Macy. Earrings, $1.83; other hands 94c each.

BY FRANCES HUGHES

(*For More Shopping News, See Page 92*)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



"Captain Caution" (Victor Mature) and Corunna (Louise Platt), the Kenneth Roberts hero and heroine, in a moment of rashness

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 91.

1. This well-known actress spends plenty of time on—and gets plenty of praise for her hobby, charcoal drawings:

Joan Crawford *Maria Ouspenskaya*
Ginger Rogers *Joan Bennett*

2. Marjorie Robertson is the real name of:

Louise Platt *Anna Neagle*
Martha Scott *Mary Beth Hughes*

3. One of these names that you've seen on the credit slides at the beginning of a picture is a famous dress designer:

William Wellman *Hal Mohr*
Cedric Gibbons *Orry-Kelly*

4. This well-known character actor was once one of the world's most famous trapeze artists:

Charles Grapewin *Charles Coburn*
Edward Arnold *J. Carrol Naish*

5. The first feature-length movie filmed entirely in Technicolor was:

Nothing Sacred *Ramona*
Becky Sharp *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*

6. Two of these movies are picturizations of successful stage plays:

Susan and God
All This And Heaven Too
The Boys From Syracuse
The Sea Hawk

7. In "Untamed," the remake of "Mantrap," Patricia Morison played the role that one of these former stars made famous:

Colleen Moore *Evelyn Brent*
Nancy Carroll *Clara Bow*

8. Two of these actresses are married to directors:

Margaret Sullavan *Rita Hayworth*
Genevieve Tobin *Ann Dvorak*

9. One of these actresses is impersonating a living character in a current picture:

Loretta Young *Bette Davis*
Gale Page *Fay Bainter*

10. Can you name the motion picture with the longest title ever released?

More Women prefer Mum—

Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



Wives—all girls in love—make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity!*



Mum every day—and after every bath—guards against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools . . . Mum is used by *millions* of women who want to make *sure* they guard their charm!

For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty,* too—free from any taint of underarm odor—nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening.*

That's why smart women depend—not on a bath alone—but on a bath *plus Mum.* For you shouldn't expect your bath to give you *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.



Mum is a daily habit, not only with women, but with thousands of active, successful *men.* Mum has the things *everyone* wants in a deodorant . . . speed, safety, dependability!

QUICK! A touch under each arm—and you're through. Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get this pleasant cream at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—*or my name's not Frank James!*"

THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS OUTLAWS!

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES

featuring

HENRY FONDA · GENE TIERNEY
JACKIE COOPER · HENRY HULL

with

John Carradine · J. Edward Bromberg
Donald Meek · Eddie Collins
George Barbier

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Directed by Fritz Lang
Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE criticism that used to be most frequently leveled at Hollywood . . . that due to its being in California it was shut away . . . by the fact of its glorious climate, the height of the Rockies and its distance from great cities . . . from the reactions of the rest of the world . . . is proving itself to be completely untrue in these dark days for the whole world. . . .

Never has the fact that movies are an international business . . . involving not only cities of all nations . . . but the commerce of all nations . . . been so apparent as in this tragic summer. . . .

The business of Hollywood is to provide laughter and escape from the harshness of life . . . yet Hollywood itself does not know how to escape . . . Hollywood itself doesn't know whether it can even save its own trade . . . let alone relieve a little of the heartbreak for the rest of the world. . . .

It has so many problems peculiar only to this wild, mad business . . . nearly all the trade in the Far East is gone . . . nearly every bit of trade in Europe . . . shall English production be dropped altogether . . . shall the big companies write off their books the hundreds of thousands of dollars now tied up in England . . . the earnings on American pictures . . . ?

The fate of many a star hangs in the balance . . . is Garbo worth her salary if her earning power is gauged merely by what she takes in in America . . . is Sonja Henie . . . is Marlene Dietrich? . . .

Will the public want themes that are close to the headlines? . . . Warners thought they had a winner when all the publicity about Fifth Column activity came out and re-released "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" . . . Republic thought it could score by rushing out a film called "Women at War" . . . Twentieth Century-Fox put out the delicate, sensitive and most timely "Four Sons" . . . and these three extremely varied films all met exactly the same reception . . . failure . . . yet to confuse the issue, "The Mortal Storm," which is even more anti-Nazi than "Four Sons," is going very well. . . .

Stars and feature players who have lived in America for years but are foreign-born . . actors and actresses who love this country fiercely yet who have, through sheer laziness and procrastination, put off getting their citizenship papers, wonder whether to get them now . . . whether that will look as though they were running away from their duty to their homeland. . . .

The producers huddle and wonder if the industry should act as one unit on all charity drives and war benefits . . . for always in troubled times actors are the first to be called upon to give their services . . . should the world know that "Hollywood" stands for help to the suffering and the homeless . . . or should the individuals of the colony continue to do individually the deeds they feel they must do? . . .

There are as many confused troubled answers as there are confused troubled questions being asked. . . .

YET in all the confusion, these immediate things are being done . . . Ronald Colman, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, Herbert Marshall, Alan Mobray and Basil Rathbone, all of whom were in the last war, are banding together and sending a complete ambulance to the British Red Cross every week . . . Ronnie, the genuinely shy, is also about to embark on a personal-appearance tour and every dollar he earns from it will be turned over to the same British Red Cross. . . .

Claudette Colbert has already equipped and given two complete ambulances to the French . . . and now that the unhappy country of her birth has surrendered, she is giving vast sums to homes for refugees plus a thousand dollars a week for wool to be knit into socks and sweaters for her compatriots . . . she, herself, is rapidly qualifying for graduate nursing . . . and every day she meets with another group of stars, Annabella, Kay Francis, Virginia Bruce among them . . . and works at rolling bandages . . . Sylvia Fairbanks, who had been in retirement since the death of Dougles Fairbanks, now works hours upon end for war charities.

Hollywood pours out its money day by day . . . from every side . . the ambulance that Bob Montgomery drove was given by the Metro



Personality and patriotism plus: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. does some soap-boxing for Prince Mike Romanoff (right) at the latter's Red Cross benefit party

Ruth Waterbury



Talent team-up for charity: Charles Laughton and Shirley Temple appear on a Red Cross broadcast





Handsome handouts at Mrs. E. G. Robinson's R. C. party (top): Jeanne sells her stepfather and her hostess mother tickets—at $500 a book . . . . . while Marlene Dietrich (with Mrs. Robinson) cashes in by selling a kiss for $1025 for the glory of the Red Cross—and the purchaser (see p. 65)

London producer, Ben Goetz, while the Twentieth Century-Fox producer, Darryl Zanuck, sent a second to replace it, if need be, and Jimmy Cagney, a third . . . Day and night the charity drives go on . . . Mrs. Jack Warner and Constance Bennett are head of a committee which is raising money to equip a children's hospital in the south of France . . . Charles Boyer, who enlisted the first day of the war and then was mysteriously released and sent back to this country by the French, for reasons which he is not permitted to explain, though it is my own idea that he was probably more valuable to France turning in his terrific movie earnings than he was as a soldier in the line, for all that the latter service is more directly heroic . . . is going out on a personal-appearance tour like Ronnie Colman's and will give over all his earnings, too . . . Jeanette MacDonald, as American as griddle cakes, is giving hundreds of dollars every week and will continue to do so for the duration of the war . . . to buy dried milk for children in the war zones . . . Madeleine Carroll gives free wool to anyone who will knit it for the English or French . . . her French home she has already turned into a hospital. . . .

There isn't a single star in town, regardless of nationality, who isn't playing benefits plus buying books of Red Cross tickets . . . which cost $500 a book . . . and most of them have bought dozens . . . Tyrone Power, for instance, has been buying them five at a time . . . Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, earning $10,000 for a Lux Theater broadcast, never took their checks . . . neither did Ida Lupino when she did a Woodbury Playhouse skit . . . all three stars had their wages from such sources sent direct to war relief . . . Howard Hughes, the flier, whom Hollywood regards as one of its own because he used to be a producer and will soon be marrying Ginger Rogers, gave $25,000 all in one check to Irene Rich for the Red Cross . . . Gracie Allen is giving over all the earnings of her book, "How To Become President" . . . I could go on with this list indefinitely and name almost every top name in the industry . . . and even with these contributions, no star thinks of stopping . . . they expect to keep right on giving as long as need exists. . . .

These are the generous things that Hollywood and its people are doing with their time and money . . . but when it comes to its talents, its imagination, and its power . . . I feel that Hollywood has still another duty to perform . . . another purpose that it uniquely can accomplish. . . .

Technically this country is neutral . . . but there is small doubt in any of our minds where our sympathies lie . . . yet no matter how bitter most of our emotions may be regarding Hitler . . . we must realize that he sold the German people a plan . . . a scheme . . . that they believed in as an ideal . . . they were willing to give their youth . . . their lives . . . their homes . . . they have trampled down defenseless nations, sacked glorious cities . . . they have done anything and everything to make this dream come true. . . .

Well, we, too, have a dream . . . the American dream . . . a dream in complete contrast to this destructive one . . . the American dream is the most beautiful dream the world has ever known or ever will know . . . a dream of peace and prosperity . . . a dream of freedom to live our own lives and express our own thoughts and to worship God in our own way without fear or comment . . . let us sell . . . resell . . . this American dream to ourselves once more . . . and bring the light of it to the depressed peoples ravaged by this other brutal dream.

The people of Hollywood and the films Hollywood can create are the greatest force of salesmen on earth . . . Hollywood can sell this dream to the world . . . not necessarily in terms of sermons or lectures . . . but in terms of stories . . . in romances and color and laughter . . . for our weary hearts need some surcease to help us through these grim days . . . and we need to be reminded in terms that are easy for us to grasp . . . be reminded of the facts that the dictators are trying to make their submissive subjects forget . . . the power of love to conquer death . . . the power of truth to conquer lies . . . the power of good to conquer evil . . . and that love and truth and goodness are expressed through the daily deeds and the daily lives of simple men and women. . . .

Let Hollywood continue to give of its wealth for charity even as it re-creates this dream . . . selling it to us and the world in such glory that it will, please God, never die. . . .

That is what Hollywood can do now . . . for it is horror and tragedy and bitter truth that since there are many of us who haven't much to give save shoulders to carry guns . . . the fact that Hollywood and its stars have more to give is both their blessing and their clear and stern responsibility. . . .

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring Seven *(count 'em, folks)* Hit Tunes to make September a Month you'll Remember!



starring

BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN · BASIL RATHBONE

with

Oscar Levant • Lillian Cornell • Oscar Shaw • Charley Grapewin
Jean Cagney • William Frawley • John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture

THE *Minimum* OF UNDIE

WITH THE *Maximum* OF COMFORT



LASTIKINS*

Blue Swan



SLENDIKINS*

Cool, comfortable and chic—but that's not half the story of these little miracles of figure dressing. They stretch to fit like a glove—because they're knitted of fine rayon and "Laton" yarns. They pack like nothing at all. They wash like hankies. The material is lovely to look at, wonderful to wear, suave against the skin. "Laton," you know, is the new elastic yarn women are crazy to get in underwear, hosiery, slips and what not. It's a finer, softer, more luxurious elastic yarn than any you have ever known. "Lastikins," "Slendikins" and other Blue Swan Undies, made with "Laton" yarn, come in styles for every taste and sizes for every figure. Buy them at your favorite store. Enjoy the minimum of undie with the maximum of comfort.



*REG. APP. FOR
Blue Swan Mills, Inc.



made with *Laton* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. . . . ANOTHER MIRACLE YARN . . . EXTRA SOFT AND ULTRA FINE

"Laton" is an elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, makers of "Lastex" yarn, Rockefeller Center, New York City

CODE FOR AMERICAN GIRLS

Why let war spoil our morals, as in the past? A top-ranking star proves herself a keen thinker, too, in this stimulating challenge to every woman

BY BETTE DAVIS



PORTRAIT BY E. M. JACKSON

IN every period of national emergency or world chaos women have demonstrated their ability to take and handle a full share of the responsibilities of life. I believe they will do so again in this, the most terrible "trial by fire" the world has ever known.

As always, it will be their first duty and perhaps their most difficult one, to hold intact the home as an institution. I'm quite sure we do not want American home life regimented as it has been in some other countries and the defense of our present system is, in the final analysis, in the hands of the women.

In troubled times it is no easy task to "keep the home fires burning" and that is the most important thing they can do. Love, which is certainly older than war, and more important to life, too, will go on, of course. But it will be the women who cherish it and protect it across the years it may take to rebuild a stable world.

We women have a tendency to become self-centered during long years of comparative prosperity and freedom from national and international worry and complications. The length of skirts or the color of lipstick may become of great importance to a large number of us. Times like the present put an end to such foolishness, or should. We adopt sounder values and put our individual and collective houses in order.

I think girls and young women should be reminded that the world is not coming to an end, that the values that really count in the long run will not be fundamentally changed. I have little patience with convention for convention's sake, but until a better code is generally accepted, the conventional values are a good guide post to the young.

If the war or threat of war shocks the young women of this country into a fuller realization of the blessings they enjoy here, if it produces a generation of wives and mothers who are more anxious to rear families, to share the burdens of life and, if necessary, to help defend their homes and institutions, then the results will not be all bad.

It is difficult to excuse war, but it is more difficult to excuse a complete letdown of values because of war either here or elsewhere. I think that sounds like a Sunday-school lecture. Let's get down to brass tacks.

Girls of today should believe in love—I doubt if that can be prevented.

They should believe in men or at least in one man as soon as they are old enough to know their own minds.

They should not be fearful of bringing children into the world, as upset as it is.

They should not view the future through glasses that are

(Continued on page 82)



GEORGE AS SEEN BY ANN SHERIDAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCILLE CORCOS



"What kind of a drink would George Brent be?" Says Ann Sheridan: "Irish whiskey!" Sheridan idea of a house symbolical of George—one with an imaginary tower "where a black Irishman can retire to have moods." Additional double talk by Annie: "George is a shillelagh carved and polished by Cartier, with an ebony tip"

Categorically

For sophisticates only: A modern sign-language interview in which two noted hand-holders speak up for Howard Sharpe

BEFORE you begin, just remember that we're playing games and this is a brand-new type of interview! Remember when you used to play "Categories"? Comparing your friends with all the most paradoxical objects, animate and inanimate, you could think of that they reminded you of? Well, that's just what Ann Sheridan does to George Brent in the following frank summing-up:

What Kind of Drink Would George Brent Be?
Irish whiskey, of course, on a rainy night.

What Kind of Animal?
A cross between a Morgan and an Arabian jumper, wearing a streamlined Moroccan leather saddle and a curb rein. Here would be a horse with temperament, kept very glossy and possessed of the most expensive equipment. You'd get along fine, you and the horse, unless he was having a fit of melancholy. Then there'd be no use expecting him to be good. But you'd be smart to leave him in his stall, to gloom among the oats.

Food?
A steak, with English mustard.

Book, or Books?
Well, George would be any good history of the Irish revolution, but specially bound in something like red alligator. He's an extremely limited, private edition of a Rabelais romance, printed and finished in the most perfect taste imaginable. He's Grayson's anthology called "Stories For Men," with a touch of Antoine de Saint Exupéry's "Wind, Sand and Stars."

Car?
A closed black limousine.

Magazine?
The *Readers Digest,* in a cover tailored by Watson.

Song, or Music?
First you imagine a Dublin pub, with a lot of good fellows in it singing folk songs and lusty barracks ditties. Suddenly someone turns on a radio—and Toscanini is conducting a Tchaikovsky concert. The men in the pub sing louder, banging their glasses on the bar, and whoever turned on the radio kicks the volume higher, and so on—until the voice of the men give out and Arturo triumphantly presides, the winnah.

Game, or Sport?
Any of those fast, clean-cut sports—tennis, polo, golf. High-low poker, an all-night game, with men in shirt sleeves and bowls

(Continued on page 85)

Speaking



ANN SHERIDAN is a Texas rodeo in full dress, a flaming scarlet roadster streamlined for speed and built to last, roaring 110 miles an hour through traffic, with its horns playing a rhumba. As it goes by, many men, mostly collegians, pause, stare and say, "Hey! Didya see *that?*"

She is tamales and caviar; milk; lobster Newburg in a crockery dish, and chile con carne; and she is dried venison with sauce Colbert—all served on a redwood stump in the midst of a forest primeval.

She is a lioness, sleek, tawny, cheerful until aroused by too many things at once, then displaying a dish of a temper, well-controlled—the claws unglove, swipe once or twice through the air and again are sheathed in velvet. There is a menacing silence. Eventually: purring.

Brent puts Ann in her place: "She's a Texas rodeo in full dress . . . a bird of a gal in a gilded cage, gold paint courtesy of Warner Brothers . . . she's a cottage with a Sid Grauman facade . . ."

Annie is *Outdoor Life*, the pages of *Esquire* you turn to first, and all the movie magazines. She has a cover by a candid camera fiend who discovers, upon development, that he has a print rivaling the best of Jerome Zerbe, Paul Hesse and George Hurrell. She is a magazine crowded with cartoons by George Price, Peter Arno and Hoff. The editorial is a yell against injustice, double features, English saddles and girdles. The book has a circulation of most of male America.

So far as art is concerned, she is that Petty drawing, with the telephone; a Toulouse Lautrec portrait of a Western girl for a James Oliver Curwood book illustration.

The book shelf she represents is a collection, a symposium, as edited by Elinor Glyn, Death Valley Scotty and any college editor.

She is a cottage with a Sid Grauman facade.

Now then, what kind of street? Well, did you ever walk down the main drag of a small Western town? Nothing fancy about it—smooth dirt road, board sidewalks, every kind of vintage car parked at the curb, every kind of store and house lining it. An honest street. So you take it and pave it, cement the sidewalks, tear down all the saloons and real estate offices and the small institutions, replacing them with agents' salons and Maisons de permanent wave.

Then you gallop down it on a pinto, yelling "Yip-*peeeeeee!*" You can't disguise that essential character.

ANN SHERIDAN is fun. She is pinochle and poker, tug-of-war, skin-the-cat—and that game you play where the freckled brat in the pigtails accepts the invitation of Mr. Peck's boy to smoke a filched cigar behind the barn.

She is Let's Play House as Gable and Lombard play it, and the Junior Prom.

She's Macy's window, dressed by PHOTOPLAY.

As for music . . . let's say the New World Symphony, not as written but with interpolations: phrases from cowboy chanteys, a bar apiece from the Hit Parade toppers, Cole Porter influenced by Edgar Guest, the finales of all the Beethoven things, and "Begin the Beguine."

The jewel category is a cinch. And so is the bird. She's Ann Sheridan (a bird of a gal, if there ever was one) in a gilded cage, gold paint courtesy of Warner Brothers. And she's a diamond, in anything but the rough.

Getting down to cases, any categorical analysis of Ann must include these following sincere comments:

(Continued on page 85)



HOLLYWOOD *At Home*

HOW CARY

If a man's castle is his life—past, present and future —you will find a famous life revealed on these pages!

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Happy hermitage, with the seaward outlook so indispensable to Cary—interrupted only by an expanse of sand and passing bathers. Indoors, you will probably find the host at backgammon—his opponent, in this case, being author Steele himself.





Center of activity in this one-man home is the bar-living room. Cary uses the real living room mainly just for piano-playing

GRANT LIVES

With specially posed intimate photographs by JOHN SWOPE

"THE happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail."—Artemus Ward in "The Draft in Baldinsville."

Claustrophobia has driven Cary Grant to the sea.

Not into it or out on it, but to its sud-laced fringe. He has finally found what he'd always wanted—an unbounded front yard that would solace the wish to escape which forms the very core of his character.

Cary, one of the few surviving (and I do mean surviving) members of an imaginary Hollywood bachelor club, cannot stand being shut in. So he recently bought a two-storied, twelve-roomed stucco house on the exclusive beach at Santa Monica. He got as close to the sea as possible; the only interruption to his horizon is an occasional distant ship which, instead of obstructing, seems rather to pause in the middle of a framing window the better to create a picture. Cary says: "I like the ocean because no one can build a house in front of me or plant a high hedge or put up a billboard. Although I must qualify that last—all summer long, on Saturdays and Sundays, a big greasy motorboat keeps chugging up and down with a huge banner on it and a loud-speaker rasping out the virtues of a two-bit dance hall in Venice. But I guess you can't have everything."

Cary bought his house from Norma Talmadge. It was the house which formed the southern boundary of Hollywood's beach society in the nostalgic talkless era. It was bounded on the north by the *hotel des artistes* known as Marion Davies'. When I walked through the house I noted that Norma's touches were still in evidence, decidedly feminine touches destined eventually to be obliterated by the masculine bachelorhood of its present owner. There were three spare bedrooms, now called guest rooms, done in a variety of French periods; luxurious and gay and unmussable; gold and blue and royal red.

But this is supposed to be about Cary Grant. So, let's at him.

WHEN at home Cary does his living not in the living room but in what he chooses to call the bar, which is more living room than bar. It is two thirds the width of the house, faced solidly with windows looking out over the pool, the beach and, still beyond, the ocean.

At one end is the bar proper, a small, half-circle affair, while the rest of the room is taken up with down-cushioned chairs from which rising becomes a problem. Radio and victrola, old English prints, a long coffee table (made according to specifications so that when unfolded it reveals backgammon layouts) magazine racks, a ship's model, a floor paved with irregular slate—these conspire to make a room to live in no matter what the mood.

The living room itself, so formal in its French gilt and burgundy, is rarely used. It is a room in which dinner jackets and low-bosomed gowns should be worn; where a sleek hostess should preside. (Cary ventured a try at the hostess idea several years ago when he married Virginia Cherrill, but it didn't take. Maybe it was claustrophobia. I don't know. And Cary won't speak of it.)

Four features stand out in the living room; a grand piano, an oil painting of a horse by Ben Marshall, famous English painter, which hangs over the mantelpiece, a round table which again unfolds into a backgammon layout, and two great six-foot mirrors in heavy gilt frames fixed against the wall on either side of the fireplace. The carpet is the color of burgundy.

That grand piano standing by a window overlooking the sea is a favorite retreat of Cary's. The only musical instrument he can play, it is a hangover from his comic-opera days. Aside from backgammon, which amounts almost to a mania, Cary likes best to sit at the piano and finger familiar tunes. When he tires of that he'll start improvising jazz melodies of his own.

Cary sings, too, in a highly agreeable baritone. I've often pondered the irony of the motion-picture business which does not avail itself of such versatility.

Cary Grant was born in Bristol, England, thirty-six years ago and he's been in the United States for nineteen years. He is thoroughly English for many generations back and if you've wondered about his black hair and dark coloring lay it to a Spanish lady who married an early Grant in the days when Philip of Spain was pounding at England's doors.

Cary's household is managed by his secretary, Frank Horn, the result of a promise made many years ago when Cary's days were spent in hotels and his future was dubious. In 1932 when Cary was a leading man with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company he first met Horn, a fellow actor. They became instant friends and when they daydreamed in the confines of a hotel room Cary would say, "Someday, Frank, I'm going to Hollywood. And if I click I'll have you with me."

That day came. He remembered his promise and sent for Frank Horn, who has been with him ever since.

Horn supervises the duties of the married couple who serve as butler-cook-and-maid and a chauffeur who navigates the Buick limousine. The garden being mostly sand there is no gardener. Horn himself drives a Ford convertible which is used for shopping and sundry household errands. He is allowed four cents a mile for the use of the car and recompensed weekly on presentation of an expense account.

The limousine is the only car Cary owns and his eventual acquisition of it is an interesting side light on his character. Cary has ever dreaded the appellation, "going Hollywood." He liked big cars (who doesn't?) and long dreamed of owning one. As soon as he could afford it he bought one—a sporty Cord that would turn a Hollywood blonde's hair back to its natural color.

And then he was utterly miserable. Suddenly he developed a flagellating self-consciousness. He could swear that everybody was staring at him and whispering, "There comes that movie actor."

Then came stardom and its attendant activities. He found he was too busy to drive himself and frequently had to study his script en route to the studio. It was simply impossible to drive and study at the same time. He conquered the complex and got himself a chauffeur and limousine. It is worth recording here, too, something unique about Cary—he has no station wagon.

Secretary Horn presents the monthly bills to his boss to which are attached corresponding bills for the previous month. This is Cary's idea, enabling him to keep a close check on expenditures so that none may get out of hand. He questions each item carefully and signs his own checks. There is no specified budget.

Below stairs the servants refer to Cary in affectionate broad English as The Mawster, while Cary himself has never acquired the habit of nicknaming his employees. Their affection for him, however, has its momentary setbacks. Meals, for instance, are forever movable; that is to say, although he orders dinner for seven he may not show up until nine or even ten.

Cary is marked by meticulous adherence to little things. As he goes through the house he is forever automatically emptying ash trays, rearranging magazines, moving objects two or three inches to where he thinks they should be, ad infinitum. He is hypersensitive and easily fazed by any criticism of an article he possesses, be it of ever so slight importance. And being a home owner for the first time in his life he can't quite understand why it might need repairs, since he bought it so recently. Cary has no inclination for grocery shopping, always ending in confusion and buying things he'll never eat. But he has a weakness for haberdasheries, in which he can spend hours.





He's usually late for dinner—but always meticulous about emptying ash trays and such! Right: In conference with secretary Frank Horn



Real rulers of the roost, of course—as in most dog-inhabited homes—are Cary's two Sealyhams, Cholmondeley and Archibald (named, perhaps, in memory of Mr. Grant's original monicker of Archibald Leach?)

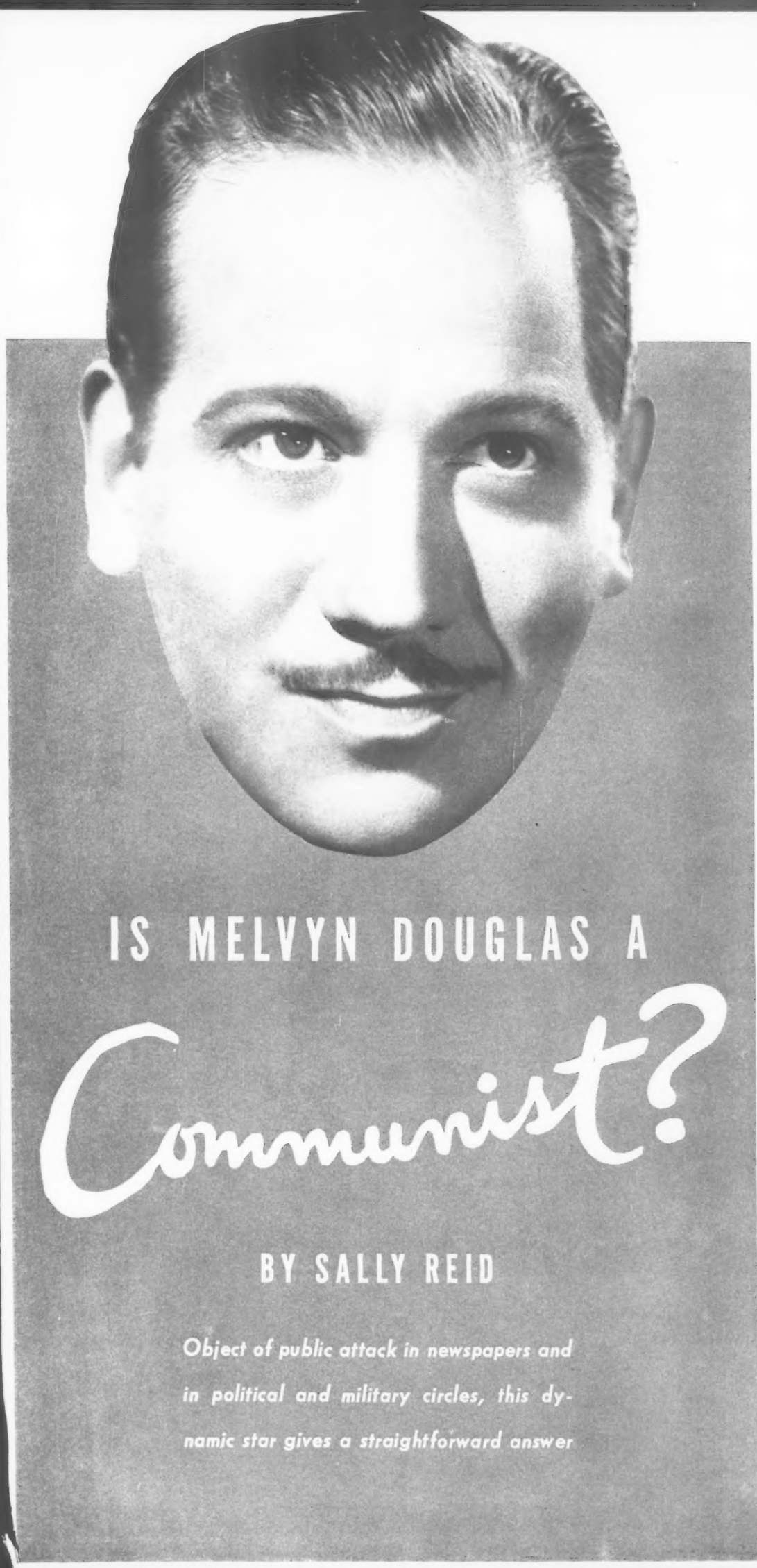
When he raids the refrigerator it is usually for Camembert or Roquefort with crackers and milk. He is a dismal failure at fixing anything for himself and even has trouble preparing dinner for Archibald and Cholmondeley, his two Sealyhams.

He doesn't mind eating alone so long as the radio or a newspaper is near. When entertaining he is a retiring host and behaves more like one of the guests. He has never been seen to carve. His circle of friends includes Randolph Scott, Countess di Frasso, Robert Coote, Jack and Ann Warner, and Reginald Gardiner. He'll go into a tap dance at the drop of hat.

Aside from the bar the only other room to achieve a measure of completion is Cary's bedroom on the second floor. It is a complete expression of his tastes and attitudes. It belongs to no period or school of thought, unlike any bedroom I have ever seen.

Outside the windows the ocean stretches beyond the horizon. The rich color scheme is chocolate brown and beige; there are a seven-by-eight-foot bed with convenient book shelves

(Continued on page 84)



IS MELVYN DOUGLAS A *Communist?*

BY SALLY REID

Object of public attack in newspapers and in political and military circles, this dynamic star gives a straightforward answer

THE whispering campaign against the subversive activities of certain prominent motion-picture actors has suddenly been projected, with the speed of a steel bullet, into newspaper limelight with the one name—Melvyn Douglas.

In all Los Angeles newspapers Douglas has been openly branded by certain factions as a radical, a Red, a Communist, an enemy to these United States of America.

His accusers, strongest among them certain members of the California American Legion, brought the many whispers against Douglas into open warfare when California's Adjutant General appointed the actor (such appointment subject to the approval of California's Governor, Culbert Olson) Lieutenant Colonel in the California National Guard Intelligence Unit. No sooner had the word gone forth concerning this appointment than the actor found himself the object of public attack in newspapers and in military and political circles.

Is Melvyn Douglas a Communist, an enemy, a dangerous element? That was the amazing question that flew back and forth in printed debate. Whereupon, the Commander of the California Department of the American Legion wrote a letter to Douglas disclaiming any control over the statements of individual Legion members, and there the matter stood.

Meanwhile, in a woman's blue silk kimono, ostrich trimmed, Mr. Douglas went on making scenes for his next comedy, "He Stayed for Breakfast," annoyed, but apparently undisturbed by the scathing and blisteringly dangerous attacks.

The appointment of Douglas to the Intelligence Unit of the California National Guard would, one local columnist printed, excuse patriotic Mr. Douglas from *all active* military duties in time of war and, at the same time, act as a slap in the face to every trained officer and man in the Intelligence Unit, all of whom had worked long and hard for their state and country. Furthermore, none of them had been investigated by the Dies Committee, the columnist stated.

Assemblyman Chester Gannon at Sacramento instantly introduced a resolution in the Assembly against the appointment of Douglas, boldly stating, "Douglas, for years, has been associated with radicals . . . David Foutz, public relations official for the Governor, and Kenneth I. Fulton, the Governor's private secretary (two other appointees), haven't the radical leanings of Douglas, but are not beyond suspicion."

AS far back as December 16, 1938, Dr. John R. Lechner, a member of the American Legion, had launched a vigorous protest against actor Douglas with Governor Olson. At that time Dr. Lechner claimed that Douglas, scheduled to appear as the guest artist on the radio network program, "America Marches On," had insisted, ten minutes before the program went on the air, that all reference to the Communist party as un-American or dangerous be stricken from the script or that he, Douglas, would refuse to appear in a role which called for his reading of the Declaration of Independence.

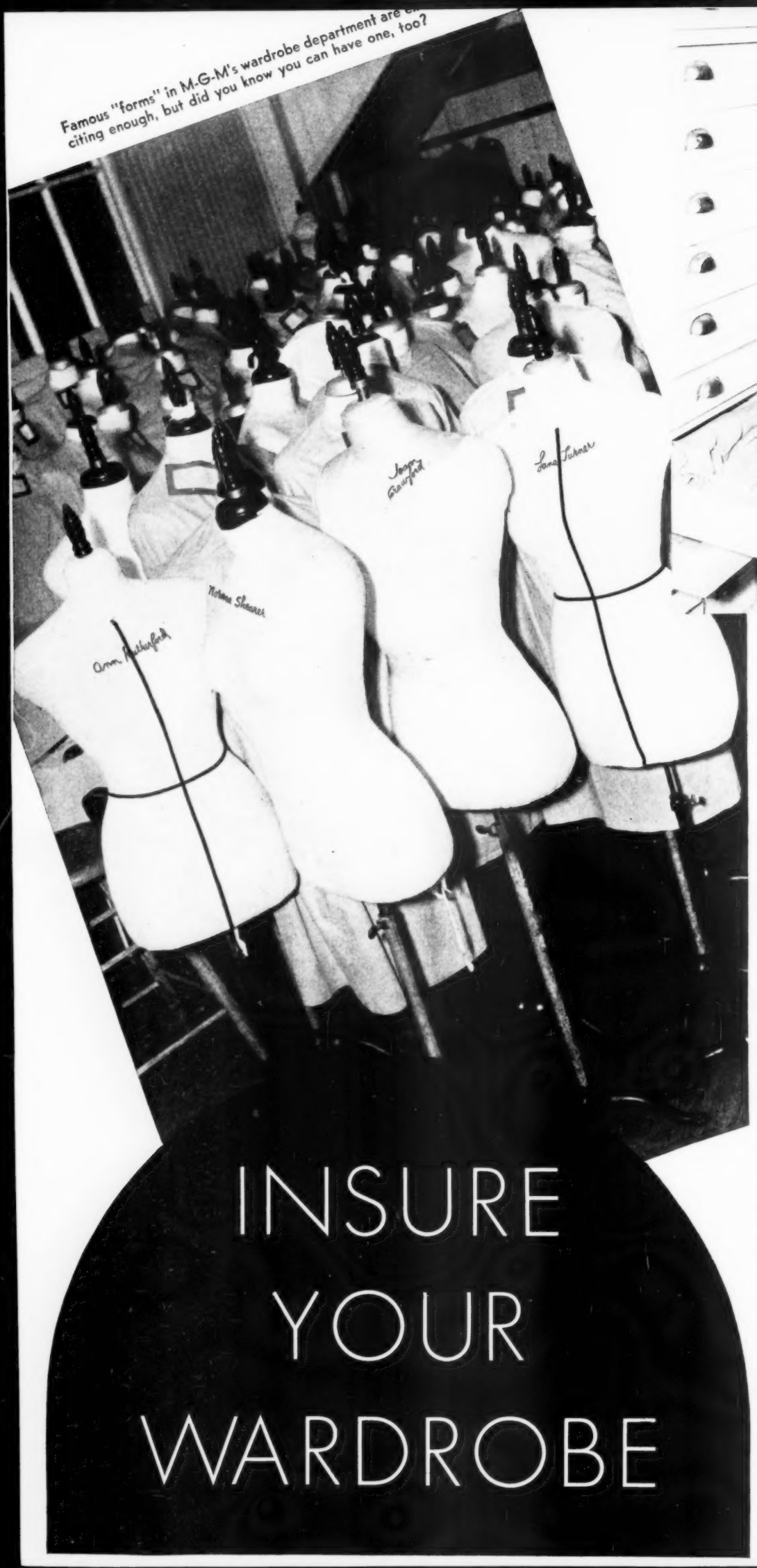
The Legion committee had firmly refused to make any compromise in the exposé of machinations of the Communist party, Dr. Lechner asserted, and at the last minute had substituted a studio artist to take Douglas' part.

"I believe firmly every American should protest most vigorously the appointment of any man who thinks so much of the Communist party that he refuses to have any derogatory remarks made of the party's subversive policies," Dr. Lechner stated.

These, my movie-going friends, are serious charges.

What is being done about them? As far as we can ascertain, exactly nothing. In print Mr. Douglas has invited an investigation by the

(Continued on page 88)





INSURE YOUR WARDROBE

Tip: "Keep jersey dresses in drawers between tissues instead of on hangers"

Fine feathers take fine care—and will get it, if you just tune in on these sure-fire studio secrets

BY GWENN WALTERS

TAKE a lesson from the stars and learn that your clothes, to remain beautiful, demand as much—if not more—attention than your face and figure!

How to achieve beauty in clothes has been broadcast to the four corners of the earth. How to *insure* that beauty is another matter, even though it's every bit as important.

Whether you have the extensive wardrobes of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Hedy Lamarr, or the wardrobe of the average American girl, the problems still remain the same and are as simply and efficiently solved. The stars know those secrets because they have been taught by their own studio wardrobes, whose task of maintaining clothes is multiplied a thousand times.

What are those secrets? Just come with me to the vast, modernistic building of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department. You'll get what is commonly known as an eyeful—as well as an earful.

Looking at row upon row of beautiful costumes, I noticed first and foremost the padded hangers. These are of prime importance, since the padding prevents troublesome splinters from spoiling beautiful materials and also allows a garment to hang correctly.

Padding a hanger is not expensive and can be done simply and efficiently at home.



Cellophane shoulder covers dustproof your apparel—and cleanliness is paramount in any clothes insurance policy!

Accessories need their own upkeeping, with space for every pair of shoes and tissue or "trees" to protect the shape



Insure your fabrics, too: Diana Lewis, of "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," shows how perfume should be applied—NOT to the dress—but the skin

Just wrap the wooden portion of the hanger in cotton wool, then bind it with inch-wide satin ribbon, the ribbon overlapping and bound tightly. Ends are then stitched together, as well as the ribbon around the neck of the hanger.

Having tossed this bit of information at me, my guide next took me to the huge cedar-lined room in which all furs or fur-trimmed suits and dresses are kept. Rack upon rack they hung, a collection worth a king's ransom. I found a moth bag suspended from each hanger, and was told that the bags are replaced each month.

If you haven't a cedar-lined closet, asbestos bags will do the work on furs. Also, I can give you another hint: There is a moth bag on the market today that is nicely scented. However, the scent of the ordinary mothball quickly disappears in fresh air, so don't be afraid to use it. Remember, one moth can do irreparable damage in a short length of time.

Leaving the fur division, we next entered the dummy department. Here stood long lines of forms marked with the names of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, ad infinitum. Such forms are timesavers not only to a studio wardrobe department, but to the home dressmaker and one's seamstress. They can be made simply by the novice. Your nearest department store will sell you the heavy paper tape with an accompanying muslin form in your size for about $1.95. Simply fit the muslin perfectly to your own figure and then bind the tape closely and evenly around and over it. It hardens quickly and is then slit down the front with scissors. After careful removal, the front opening is sewn up. The whole should be shellacked for preservation. Purchase a standing base and your form is complete. All together, it shouldn't cost you more than $3.50.

Our attention next centered on what is known as the "production room." Here the garments being used in current pictures are kept and here were the major secrets I had come to learn. There were Jeanette MacDonald's clothes from "New Moon" and Hedy Lamarr's from "Boom Town." Suits, sports dresses, street dresses and evening dresses were all kept in separate compartments. Most of us do not have the individual closet space for this particular kind of care, but it is of great importance that evening clothes, at least, be kept separate from street clothes. Simplest and least expensive method is the use of cellophane bags. Here is ample protection against the wear and tear of sliding hangers, dust, wrinkling. Also, evening clothes, above all else, should be cleaned after each wearing. They stand the most wear and tear, principally because of their trailing skirts.

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's wardrobe, of course, every item of clothing is cleaned each time after it is worn. This is true of gloves, shoes and hats, as well. They say nothing will ruin clothes more quickly than wear without subsequent cleaning or laundering, which actually prolong the life of a garment.

For still more fabric insurance:

Don't put garments away with lipstick on them. There is a new preparation now on the market for the specific purpose of removing lipstick and it is guaranteed not to harm any fabric. . . .

Don't put bath powder under the armpits just before dressing for the street. It grinds into the underarm material of the dress. An old trick and a good one is to use toilet water instead. . . .

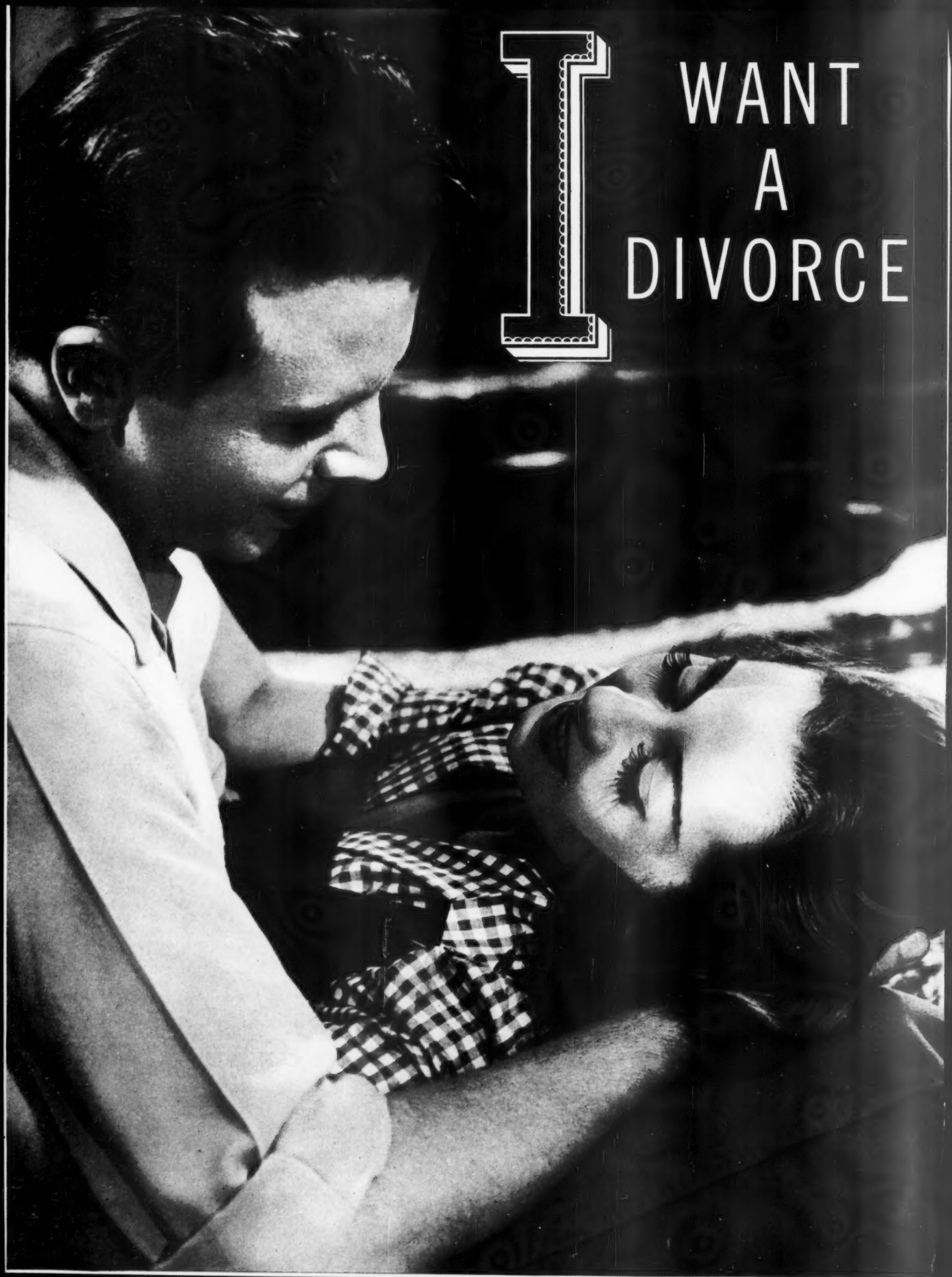
Perfume should be applied to ear lobes, wrists, the inside of the elbow—in other words, on the skin, never on fabrics.

And so—on to accessories!

Little cellophane cases are a wonderful way to keep gloves in trim and the gloves, of course, should always be smoothed out before being put away.

Hats should go on separate hat trees. Talking of hats, it seems that few women know the basic

(Continued on page 75)


I WANT
A
DIVORCE

Beginning a stirring new novel of marriage and morals by one of America's most modern authors. Upon this story is based a great film starring Joan Blondell and Dick Powell

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

IT was over so swiftly that Jerry Brokaw, coming down from the witness stand where she had spoken her few brief words, could hardly believe it.

"You made your home with Mr. and Mrs. Holland?"

"I—yes, when I was at home from college."

"Did you ever upon any occasion hear Mr. Holland use abusive language to your sister, Wanda Holland?"

Jerry's chin went up and she stammered a little as she sometimes did when she was shy. It was rather awful, repeating things like this before strangers.

"He called her a cheap, common little fool and said she didn't know how to behave herself around nice people."

"Weren't you present upon one occasion when he threw a plate at her?"

"Yes." Jerry couldn't look at the lawyer or at Wanda as she said it. "He was angry because he said she had no sense of humor because she didn't laugh at his jokes. I didn't, either. S-she threw one back."

"But he began the—hostilities?"

"Oh yes, he always did."

"That's all—thank you," the lawyer said and Jerry stepped down into the almost empty courtroom where no one was paying any particular attention to either her or Wanda and where a number of ordinary-looking men were rustling papers and whispering. Even the judge, who was also an ordinary-looking man, had given Wanda only one long look and then become absorbed in the ceiling.

For a moment Jerry stood there waiting, a small figure in a tweed coat and a swagger sports hat. There was something about joint custody of the child and a property settlement out of court and then Wanda took her arm and said, "All right, youngster, let's go."

The little house where David and Wanda had lived together for six years seemed strangely silent, empty, and Jerry had an impulse to tiptoe.

"You needn't," Wanda said, from the hall mirror where she was taking off her hat and arranging her smooth hair. "Nobody's dead."

"I feel funny, to tell you the truth," Jerry said. "It happened so quick. Seemed sort of indecent—I was your bridesmaid, you know."

"Quite proper that you should be my corroborating witness then," said Wanda. "I said to David, 'I want a divorce.' He'd begun to bore me all the time instead of just part of the time. That ought to be grounds for divorce in every state in the Union. Seems he'd never even thought of such a thing, but he was too polite to say no. So we're both better off. What's a divorce between friends?"

The telephone rang and Jerry answered it.

She said, "Hello—oh, hello—oh, sure, we're back, David. Yes, she did. All right, I'll tell her."

Wanda, wandering restlessly, said, "What's on his mind?"

"Oh, just wanted to know if everything went all right."

Wanda came over and put a hand under Jerry's chin. "What'd he say, pup?"

Jerry essayed a giggle. "Said to tell you he felt like he'd lost his pet corn."

To her horror, Wanda began to cry, gulping, furious sobs, like a child. Jerry put her arms tightly around her sister. The sobs went through her, too, and suddenly she wanted to kill David. Wanda had been such a wonderful wife, so marvelous looking and so well-dressed and so popular.

"Not on David's account," Wanda said, wiping away the tears carefully. "Only that's just what he would say. Nothing—clever, or appreciative, or complimentary. Not David. Just a bum wisecrack. He still makes me so mad. Marriage ending like that and I want my divorce all right, but you'd think he'd have some *—manners.*"

"And there's Davey," Jerry said. "Just what does this joint custody business mean?"

"I get him part of the time and David gets him part of the time," Wanda said. "But he'll be in school now a lot, anyway."

"Kind of tough," said Jerry, thinking of her own motherless childhood.

IN those early years, the years before the girls had gone away to school and then to college, their grandmother had loomed large. Now she and Grandpa Brokaw lived on a fruit farm down in Imperial Valley. It wasn't much of a fruit farm, at that, but somehow anything that belonged to Grandma B. had importance. Pretty wonderful, when you came to think about it, how she had managed to keep that fruit ranch and make a living out of it in good times and bad.

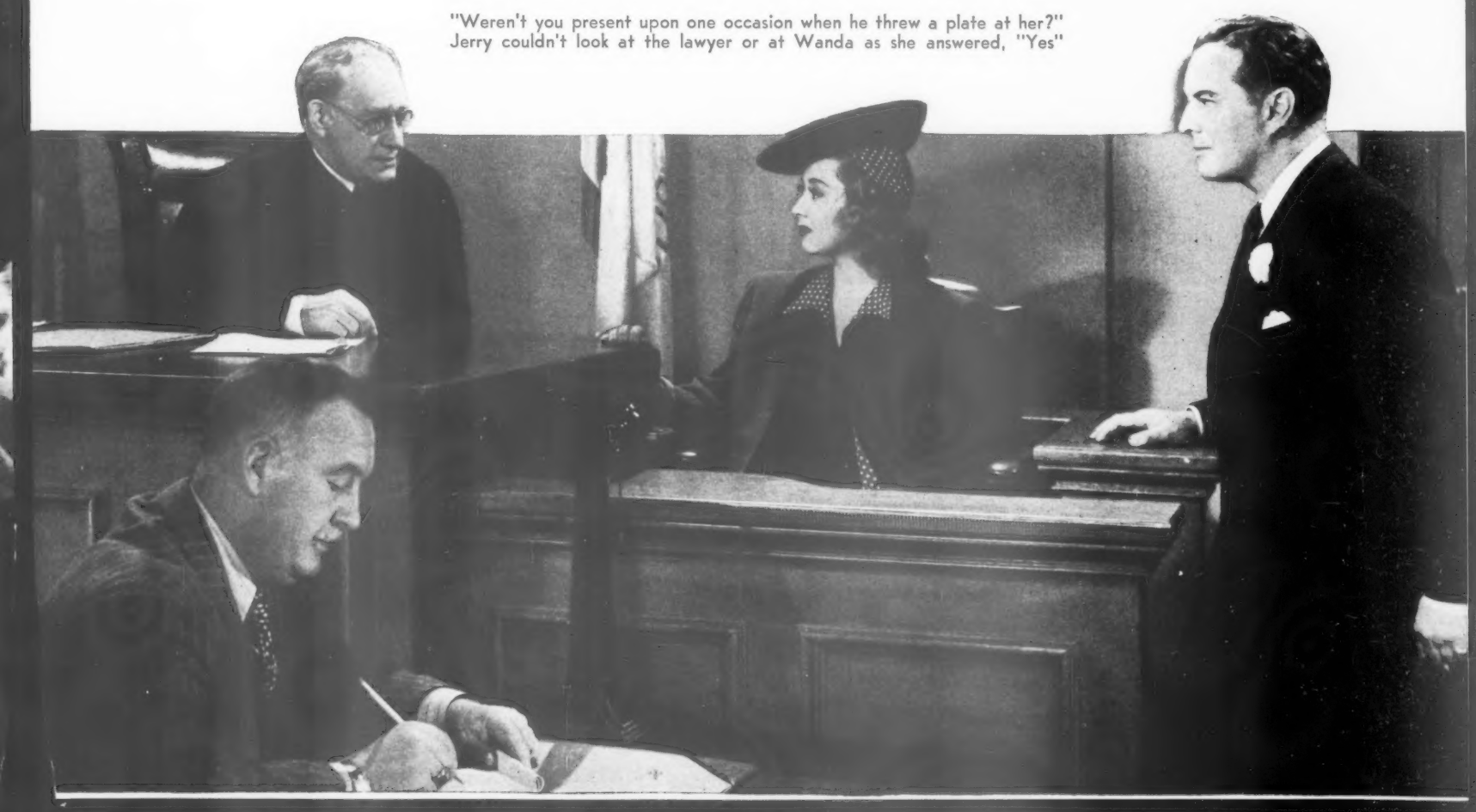
Not that she seemed old. She was a sturdy woman with a fine, upright carriage and snapping black eyes and a weather-beaten face. Under the smooth white hair it gave an impression of enormous strength and self-control. She was a little deaf, though she never admitted it, and she had an uncanny trick of always hearing anything she wasn't supposed to hear.

Grandpa understood that perfectly. It tickled him. So many things in life tickled Grandpa.

They had been married almost fifty years.

When Jerry drove up to break the news of Wanda's divorce, Grandma B. was sitting on the porch in a straight chair, looking as neat and clean as new gingham, the big yellow cat Abednego in her lap. Grandpa was in the old rocking chair, rocking comfortably. They were both smoking corncob pipes, but Grandma put

"Weren't you present upon one occasion when he threw a plate at her?" Jerry couldn't look at the lawyer or at Wanda as she answered, "Yes"





Jerry thought of Jeff—who wanted a divorce; she thought of Wanda—who had one. "Could that ever happen to us?" she wondered



"Would you marry a man if you loved him a lot and could get him, if you knew you were second choice?" Jerry asked. Grandma B. chuckled and said: "Second choice is better'n no choice!"

hers away hurriedly as Jerry's roadster swung into the dirt drive. It was her one weakness and it was supposed to be a secret from Jerry.

Grandpa came down to welcome her, his face alight.

"Why, Jerry, Jerry child," he said, "it's fine of you to come and see the old folks. Here's Jerry, Mother."

"My eyesight's still good, thank you," said Grandma B. "I see her."

She eyed the girl with pride, one hand patting her shoulder, but when Jerry kissed her she said, "Lipstick!" and wiped off the kiss. "If you didn't smoke so many cigarettes you'd have more color of your own," she said.

The half-hidden corncob was too much for Grandpa. "If you smoked a pipe, now, Jerry," he said, "it'd be all right."

Grandma stood by her guns, as usual. "A pipe never hurt nobody," she said. "My father smoked a corncob from eight to eighty."

It was going to be very difficult, Jerry thought, sitting down on the steps. Better give in and get it over.

"Wanda got a divorce yesterday," she said bluntly.

Grandma stared at her. The old face settled into forbidding lines. "Sometimes I think I don't hear so good as I used to," she said. "I thought you said Wanda went and got a divorce."

"That's what she did say," Grandpa stated. "Not hearing facts won't change them, Mother."

There was a tense silence.

"Maybe she had a good reason," Grandpa said. "I expect there's been times when you'da been glad to get rid of me."

"There's been a dozen times when I wanted to kill you," Grandma said, "but I never thought of leaving you alive, Samuel. What'd he do to her?"

"Darling," Jerry said, "lots of people get divorces nowadays. Wanda'll be happier this way."

"I always thought he was a loud-mouthed, bossy cuss," said Grandma, "an' considerable of a windbag. But I never thought—maybe this is a judgment on me for not loving Wanda like I loved you, Geraldine. You're like your Pa. Wanda took after her mother—weak-kneed, selfish—well, I don't want to hear another word about it. If I failed in my duty, I got to suffer for it. Samuel, you pick some of them peaches and I'll make a cobbler for this child."

She went into the house.

Grandpa said, "She'll be all right, s'long as it's not you. You're the apple of her eye, so to speak. She'd stand by you even if you murdered somebody, Mother's like that, but Wanda—they don't see eye to eye."

IT was Wanda who first introduced Jerry to Mac.

The tempo of things in the house in which they lived had stepped up, with David gone. Everything was very gay. Wanda was always laughing, Wanda was always coming and going, answering the telephone, shopping, keeping appointments at the beauty parlor, meeting new

men for cocktails. At first Jerry thought it might be a cloak she wore over a broken heart. She searched for some fever in the gaiety, but she couldn't find any.

Wanda was the very last word in modern young divorcees. So lovely, like a girl still, yet there was a sort of gay worldliness in her manner, a flavor to her speech, a look of promise in her eyes that a girl wouldn't have.

She's happy, Jerry thought, and that's all I want.

Jerry was sprawled on her bed with a book one night when Wanda came in hurriedly.

"Darling, I'm in such a mess. You'll have to help. His name is Mac—Alan MacNally. I was going dancing with him—he's a sweet kid, really. Who should bob in but David. Imagine. He says we ought to be friends and people wonder why we're never seen anywhere together. He says they think we're old-fashioned. What can I do? But you know how he always behaved about any man I ever spoke to. I told him Mac was your date. Put on something—that white frock with the blue coat—and come down."

The place looked just as usual. Three people in the living room. Wanda and the two men. It seemed odd to find David there, in the little house where he had once been master. He looked disagreeable and contemptuous, his eyes on Wanda pretending to be amused, but they weren't really.

"Hiya, Dave," Jerry said, trying to be very careless about it.

"Glad you're still speaking to me," David said. "I thought maybe you believed your own testimony."

"I can believe anything for five minutes at a time," Jerry said.

"That beats your sister's record," David said.

Wanda threw a slim arm around Jerry's shoulders. "Don't tease the child. You might say hello to Mac, youngster."

Her blind date.

Jerry turned and faced him and her heart stood still.

Just a young man in a tweed suit, not very tall and not handsome. But everything about him was familiar to her, the way his hair grew and the fact that his mouth went up at one corner, and a crooked eyebrow he had, and the smile in his eyes. Of course she knew him. He fitted into the mold her dreams had made and there wasn't a wrinkle. So this is it, she thought. I always wanted to fall in love at first sight and now I've done it.

She said, "Hello, Mac, how's everything?" and he said, "Top-hole, Miss Geraldine, and thank you for asking," and they grinned at each other.

"Hurry up, you kids," Wanda said, "we're going out on the good barge *Corona* and gamble. That's David's contribution. No more quiet evenings at home playing Russian bank with the little woman—one divorce, and I get a break."



Wanda was like a girl still—but with a look of promise in her eyes a girl wouldn't have

CAST

Geraldine (Jerry) Brokaw	Joan Blondell
Alan MacNally	Dick Powell
Wanda Holland	Gloria Dickson
Jeff Gilman	Frank Fay
Grandma Brokaw	Jessie Ralph
Grandpa Brokaw	Harry Davenport
David Holland, Sr.	Conrad Nagel
David Holland, Jr.	Mickey Kuhn
"Peppy" Gilman	Dorothy Burgess
Erskine Brandon	Sidney Blackmer

Screen Play by Frank Butler
Directed by Ralph Murphy

While they slipped into their coats, Wanda gave her a swift dossier on Mac. "Studying to be a lawyer—goes up for his exams pretty soon, he says. Nice kid. Used to be nuts about me years ago—one of those kid crushes. David got sore, as usual, and I haven't seen him since. He's all right."

So Mac had been in love with Wanda. Now that she was free, he had come back. Probably he had never forgotten Wanda. Her charm wasn't easy to forget. If Wanda was his ideal, he wouldn't go for Jerry, because she wasn't glamorous and she didn't have charm, she was just young and clean-cut and as real as sunshine. Sisters under the skin, she thought, but unfortunately, beauty is only skin deep.

It was rather fun on the gambling ship. Crowds and music and excitement. All kinds of people, some in evening clothes, some in rather shabby street wear. You could gamble for anything from five cents up.

"I," Mac told her, "have exactly five dollars and eighty-five cents, which I had hoped would see me through a simple little evening with Wanda. Up to that limit, I'll stake you."

They lost it leisurely at blackjack in a big room where there were hundreds of tables and a red and gold ceiling, and then went out and sat on the deck.

He talked about Wanda. "She was my dream girl when I was a callow youth," he said. "I'm about her age, at that, but she was such a knockout. Yep, she was my vote for the No. 1 Glamour Girl."

David and Wanda had disappeared, so eventually Jerry and Mac went back in to the tables. Jerry found a dollar in her coat pocket so they played more blackjack. It was late and nobody else was playing; the pale, sour-looking dealer looked sleepy, too. Pretty soon they lost the dollar.

"Why don't you kids go home, huh?" the dealer said. "I guess you're not married, huh?"

"No," Jerry said, "we're living in sin."

"You oughtn't to joke about things like that," the dealer said. "My name's Jeff. I'm married myself. My wife sings here. But she wants a divorce."

"Why don't you give her one?" Jerry said. "If anybody wanted to divorce me, I'd give it to him so fast it'd make his head swim."

"Oh, I'll give her a divorce all right," Jeff said. "But I got me a few doughnuts saved up and I'm not going to give her any of *them*. You got to be careful about divorces, or you wind up paying more of your wife's relatives than Bob Burns has got. Me, I'm going to buy a fishing boat."

"Fishing," Mac said, "is something. Gives you time to think."

Jeff brightened. "Sure," he said, "and fish can't talk—and they can't sing. Yellowtails running now. Whyn't you come out on my fishing boat some day, see?"

Wanda came in at that point, alone. She

(Continued on page 76)

EVERY house and every building has a firm foundation and so has every motion picture. Oddly enough, it's not the stars who form the groundwork for the loftier, fancier trimming, but those men and women, young and old, who year after year come forth with solid substantial efforts that weld and hold together the very framework of movies. Chief among these "foundationers" is a man whose work stands as a cornerstone. He is:

John Litel—The Man with the Heart

The sufferings, the desires, the wishes of others about him are paramount to the man Litel. In a world of selfish getting, he remains one who gives, who feels, who sympathizes.

"I have a weak head and a strong heart," he says, but of course he's wrong. His work in his recent pictures, "They Drive By Night" and "Money and the Woman," is an open contradiction to the "weak head" accusation. His unforgettable Patrick Henry in the Warner short, "Give Me Liberty," testifies to a strongish head, heart and talent.

He came west from the New York stage to visit a mother who was ill, then decided to storm a studio to pick up railroad fare home. As you've guessed, he never did get back.

Litel is a true man of the soil. On his ranch, where he lives happily with his wife (a nonprofessional), he loves digging in the earth, fixing fences and planting seeds. "When an actor plays golf, for example," he says, "he's got a lot of time to think about his next role, or some coveted part, while he's walking up to the ball after a long drive. But when he gets right down into the earth, digging and planting, he forgets himself and has a chance to get out of his work."

He drives a station wagon to the studio and is never glimpsed around the place except when working on a picture. He's moody, strangely enough, and has fits of being high up and low down by turn. His birthday is December 30th.

His banker father back in Albany, where John was born, hoped his son would follow in his footsteps, but didn't urge it. After being graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, John bade his Alpha Tau Omega brothers a fond farewell and set out to work in factories, sell insurance and even do good old manual labor before he joined the Albany Stock Company, which was then starring Edward Everett Horton. After the war, soldier Litel returned from France to Broadway, to play in "Irene" and forty-eleven more stock companies before he clicked big in "Ceiling Zero" on Broadway.

He's waiting for just such another break in pictures. "I can wait a long time," he says. "It will come." And it will.

In school they called him "Happy Jack." That was because he wore such a deadly gloomy face. But, of course, they didn't dream his heart was smiling all the while.

A Rebel in Blue Jeans:

No two ways about it, Hollywood and Frances Farmer had reached a state of sticking out their tongues at each other when Frances pulled up stakes and left for New York and the Group Theater.

Now that Frances has been brought back to Hollywood by Edward Small for the leading feminine role in "South of Pago Pago" (after shedding husband Leif Erikson and reportedly nursing a bruised heart over playwright Clifford Odets, the "ex" of Luise Rainer), she emphatically states the whole thing was a misunderstanding. She never *did* say those nasty things about Hollywood, anyway, and all that ever ailed her was she was scared to death of too much limelight all of a sudden. When she alighted from the incoming plane she knocked one reporter into an internal frenzy with the announcement, "Boy, it's good to be back *home* in Hollywood."

Farmer is, as far as we can make out, a forerunner of rebellion against all traditional nonsensical caste systems of Hollywood. She's the modern note in a business which once depended on glamour, romance and stardust.

On the "Pago Pago" set, she chose her companions at random according to their conversational ability and out at Warners for "Flowing Gold" she eats her lunches at the tables and counters with workmen and extras.

Her advent into movies happened when a



Round-Up

Lassoing eight players so excitingly different in both temperament and experience that you'll read every line of their stories with delight!

BY SARA HAMILTON



"Happy Jack" Litel, who emoted for train fare



Cecilia Parker, who fibbed her way into films



Paul Lukas, who is suave but sincere



Wendy Barrie, who—

OF FAMILIAR FACES

movie scout in New York glimpsed, beneath her straight silver-blonde hair, the clear-cut profile and straight-from-the-shoulder expression of brown eyes under natural eyebrows. Regardless of the fact that she had had no previous professional experience, Frances was rushed to Hollywood and scored her biggest success in "Come and Get It."

In a community used to polo shirts for formal dress, Frances in her blue jeans, disheveled hair and to-hell-with-it attitude succeeded in bewildering the natives out of their half-wits. Nor was the Erikson cabin in a local canyon Hollywood's idea of a dream castle, but it did house some interesting people and resounded with intelligent conversation. And Frances dotes on good sound conversation.

Her screen performances and later her New York stage success can be laid to her intense interest in dramatic art and work in campus plays while a student at the University of Washington.

"Yes, and I ushered in theaters and waited on tables to work my way through school. That's my answer to those in Hollywood who call me uppish and snooty," she says.

"I think I've crawled out of my shell now and am no longer frightened by Hollywood. I really love it and want to stay here," she adds.

Something tells me Franny and Hollywood will get along swell from now on.

A Continental American:

Paul Lukas, long the idol of adoring ladies in their twenties and thirties—and forties, too—is the least disappointing of all screen actors.

Off screen, he *is* charming, he does say, "But madam," he does kiss one's hand in greeting, which comes as natural to him as saying "hello," he does give an ever-so-slight click of the heels as a farewell salute, he does have an accent intriguing, he does wear the best-looking sport clothes in town (not the Hollywood brand), he does have lean, handsome brown hands, stands six feet two—and tops off the ensemble with a mustache right out of a dream book. He's rated one of the best tennis players in the community, plays the piano fairly well and excels as a fencer and horseman.

As if all this weren't enough, he's intelligent, Continental, fairly serious and, above all, a gentleman. And just how all this accumulation of charm got mixed up with Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers," is beyond us and, as far as that goes, beyond him, too. How he could so convincingly play the wife poisoner in "Strange Cargo" is also a mystery. But, as you and I know, he did it, and well.

Cast as the German general in "Escape," Lukas felt the characterization demanded not in sympathy with his interpretation and withdrew to accept a role in "Bittersweet." This, despite the fact he played so convincingly the Nazi spy in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."

Lukas was born in Hungary, spent his boyhood in Budapest where he attended the College of Budapest. He was later enrolled in the Actors' Academy, but the war interrupted his theatrical plans and Paul became a pilot.

"I wanted to live for my country, not die for it," he says, "and that's why I am alive today. I did nothing heroic, engaged in no air battles and—well, I'm living."

Strange that he should be living, twenty odd years later, to offer to his new country of America his services as a pilot, to be used in any way this country sees fit.

His father owned an advertising agency in Budapest when Paul married Daisy Benes, to whom he is still married, and set out on his own as an actor. He came to America in 1927 to appear in Paramount pictures. When talkies came in, he struggled hard to master English.

Today he has an accent, of course, but a charming one. Out in San Fernando Valley

(Continued on page 89)

A Garland FOR JUDY





Judy with her earliest accompanist—her mother

The son they had hoped for turned out to be a third little daughter—but few men achieve more laurels

BY DIXIE WILLSON



"Francis Gumm Jr." at the age of six months

THE evening issue of the Grand Rapids, Minnesota *Independent* for June 10, 1922, announces the birth of Francis Gumm, Jr., describing the event as presenting young Mr. Francis Gumm, owner and manager of the local New Grand Theater, with his third . . . daughter.

Just a superfluous young lady for a close-planning little family wanting nothing if not a boy. Besides which the new baby was red-headed, pug-nosed and even her mother admitted she was homely. Rather a secondhand setup for the third little Gumm girl. But witness June 10, 1940. Francis Gumm, Jr., in Hollywood, walking straight into stardom, possessing a home in exclusive Bel Air, her own swimming pool, badminton court and cream-colored roadster. The third little Gumm girl, doing all right for herself after all! And here, if you will, is the story:

Way back in 1913, Frank and Ethel Gumm, an old married couple of two anniversaries, contributed to vaudeville, an act billed, atmospherically, as Jack and Virginia Lee, Sweet Southern Singers. But time came when the pending arrival of a son and heir (who would of course be named Francis Jr.) called for the cancellation of bookings, whereupon the young Gumms acquired the New Grand Theater in pleasant little Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and took up just plain old-fashioned domestic life.

The cradle was filled quite as per schedule, excepting that the name decided upon was Mary Jane. Which was all right too. Every family wants a girl sooner or later. But it was a glad day five years later when the nursery was trimmed in new blue ribbons. For now Francis Gumm, Jr., was unmistakably on his way.

Little Brother, however, pulled a fast one this time too. In his stead arrived Virginia. Okay, said Frank and Ethel. But twenty-two months later, when the stork rang up a girl for the third time, they named her Francis, Jr., anyway . . . and called it a day.

A dozen and one years before, young Frank Gumm, just graduated from Sewanee University, had left a Southern home to spend a summer vacation in Superior, Wisconsin where, quite to his surprise he got a job singing in a movie. And found pretty Miss Ethel Milne playing the theater piano. Not long afterward, he married her. And billing themselves as Jack and Virginia Lee just because that sounded the way they thought it ought to, they made their debut in vaudeville.

It appears, however, that in Gumm family history, the debut of real importance happened some eleven years later, when, in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, their third daughter, at the age of thirty months, sang "Jingle Bells" on her father's Christmas theater program. After the "Jingle Bells" episode, it was plain to be seen that, behind the footlights, the baby certainly knew her stuff. And when that same baby was five, Virginia seven, Mary Jane twelve, Mama and Daddy Gumm found themselves parents to a singing dancing trio which could stop *any*body's show!

Now the Gumms had always wanted to live in California. So one fine day they sold the New Grand, packed up their two-seated Ford, took Granny Milne along, and soon found themselves snugly settled in Los Angeles on one of those endless little streets of California bungalows as like as cupcakes on a shelf. The plan was to buy a theater in some propinquant town. But when six months became twelve and Frank Gumm was still looking for a deal, the dwindling bank account made it less and less possible. And so Mrs. Gumm, having felt strongly all along that she owed it to the children to do something about their talent, had this added reason to try and find out if they could really turn "professional."

She made them costumes and routined a program; three little stairsteps, with Mother at the piano. They did the act for an agent. He was enthusiastic; could book them without any trouble, he was sure. He'd call soon.

They went home in breathless excitement, practiced hard, made new more professional wardrobes . . . and waited for the phone to ring. A week passed. And six. And ten. And then finally came the call! A dinner was to be given at the Biltmore Hotel and would require entertainment. It was a "civic affair," said the potential hostess, so the entertainers wouldn't be paid a lot . . . but something.

Eagerly excited, the three little Gumms were washed, ironed, curled and rehearsed. The act went over like a million and when the weary little troupe went home at midnight, Big Sister Mary Jane carried their first pay envelope!

They saved the exciting moment of opening it, however, to share with Dad. Gathering around their own dining-room table, at last, three flushed and thrilled little girls, and proud Mr. and Mrs. Gumm, prepared for the surprise . . . and got it. The check was for $1.50 for an entire evening's entertainment!

BUT from that night on, the girls didn't give their mother a moment's peace. They wanted to be singing and dancing, and that was that . . . and then suddenly and unexpectedly Frank Gumm began to fail in health. Suddenly the dancing feet of his three little girls became the most important asset the Gumm family possessed.

Week after week they tried for work without success. Then at last came a chance in Denver. Ethel Gumm and the girls unhesitatingly boarded a bus . . . traveled two days and two nights . . . and stole the show. And were told that if they could but land a booking in Chicago's Oriental, they would really be on their way.

They went on to Chicago. Mrs. Gumm, sending the girls out to find a flat, promptly called at the office of an important agent and asked, as she had been advised to do, for booking in some small suburban house where he could "catch" the act. Denver press notices turned the trick. He booked them then and there for a week at the Belmont, four shows daily with five on Saturday and Sunday.

It was an unimportant house, but since they had staked all they had on this Chicago agent's impression, they went the whole way and counted out enough dollars from Denver to rent for the week a set of real stage costumes and a special curtain. After that . . . not knowing at which show of the week the agent might be in the house, they went out for every performance with their hearts in their throats, their pulses pounding.

The week over, they sat tightly in their little rented flat counting hours until he would call. When he didn't, after four days waiting, Mrs. Gumm called *him*.

He hedged a bit . . . avoided an opinion . . . and said something about her calling in a day or two. However, said he, he couldn't *promise* anything. Dreams faded of crashing the Oriental. Then Mama Gumm tumbled to something. "Now wait a minute," said she to herself. "He doesn't want the girls at all!"

The truth was clear. Chicago just hadn't

(Continued on page 74)



"The Glum Sisters" (Mary Jane, Francis and Virginia) before they became "The Three Garlands" (Suzanne, Judy, Jinny). Left, five-year-old Judy in the costume she wore that day at Chicago's Oriental

HOW Madeleine Carroll REDUCED

BY KAY BRYAN



IF you want to keep that girlish figure—watch your diet and stay off boats!

You have that on the word of Madeleine Carroll who knows what she's talking about. A short time ago, the screen's most beautiful blonde admitted to having gained several extra pounds.

But eight weeks later she was right back to that lovely figure which has helped to make her famous as one of the world's truly great beauties.

And she did it without the aid of too-strenuous diets, magic potions or massages. She did it by simply exerting her own common sense and her indomitable courage—courage further proved by her sudden return to war-torn France when fighting there was at its heaviest. For her actions she had two reasons—to bring 200 refugee children to safety and to join, if possible, at the front, the man she loved.

A woman of such will power finds it easy, in things either great or small, to achieve results.

As for this business of reducing, she explains it simply:

"I don't believe in dieting and then lapsing back to a haphazard routine of rich foods and I'm inherently averse to exercise. But I do follow a few simple rules that I believe would prove helpful to anyone. I walk a lot for exercise and one day each week I take nothing but fruit juices.

"On the other days my diet consists of a baked apple, without sugar or cream, or stewed fruit for breakfast. With this I usually have one or two slices of rye toast and black coffee. For luncheons I never have more than a fruit salad, or a pineapple or pear and cottage cheese salad, with mineral oil and vinegar dressing. With this I like tea and occasionally a glass of milk.

"For dinner I have a broiled steak or two broiled lamb chops. I never eat fried food. A roast of lamb or beef is also good for a change as it is never fattening if the complementary dishes are salads and plain vegetables. Once a week, and sometimes twice, I have a baked potato, preferably with the broiled steak. For dessert at dinner I find it best to have fruit juice."

There. It's as simple as all that. Something any woman—or man for that matter—can do without the least bit of trouble.

"I walk a lot," says Madeleine.

That is putting the whole thing rather mildly. She walks miles and miles and miles. At least, it seems that way to Hollywood people.

Ever since she came to Hollywood four years ago Madeleine has lived in houses by the sea. Now she has a villa right at the top of a neck of land known as "Portuguese Point" in Palos Verdes.

There are several reasons for this. Primarily, she likes the ocean. She says this probably is the result of her English birth, for she spent many seasons on the Brighton coast in England.

Then the beach is a great place for walking. The springy sand isn't hard on the feet and legs, or jarring on the nervous system, as is pavement. Too, the beach is without the dust of mountains and hills and the acrid gasoliny atmosphere of city streets.

"I like the flowers and the birds and the open air," says Miss Carroll, "but please don't call me a nature lover. I can hardly tell a dahlia from a chrysanthemum, or a sparrow from a peacock. I just like them and like to be out among them."

So the walking isn't really a boresome health measure or exercise to be treated as a duty. She walks for the sheer joy of walking, of being out in the open.

The diet given in this article is Madeleine's preferred method of eating—it is not treated as a boresome duty, either.

"I do consciously avoid fattening foods," she says, "except when I'm on a boat. Somehow travel on one of those huge ocean liners seems to inspire the gourmand in one. And, sadly enough, it just puts on pounds and pounds.

"But I don't have to diet to take off this extra weight. I just turn back to my normal way of eating. As I say, I avoid fattening foods. Oh, not entirely. But I don't overindulge.

"Then one day each week, I just have fruit juices. I think this would be a good idea for everyone who is engaged in a more or less sedentary occupation."

MISS CARROLL doesn't mention this fact as part of her method of keeping her figure and keeping healthy, but it will be noted that she doesn't spend much time at night clubs or parties late at night. Once in while she has an informal gathering at her home. Once in a while, too, she will go to the home of a friend. But it is rare indeed that her name appears in a gossip column as having been seen here, there or the other place.

"I like my eight hours' sleep," is her comment. And that, too, helps her keep that glorious complexion which has caused Technicolor experts who have seen her in Cecil B. DeMille's "North West Mounted Police" to call Madeleine the perfect color subject!

Two-month routine—and behold the perfect figure again. Miracle methods? Not at all! The Carroll system's so simple you'll wonder why you have never thought about it yourself



Photoplay's first fall fashions

Myrna Loy leads off in a leading color, "Honey Brown"—a four-part country "casual" that could be nicknamed "Robin Hood." The short-sleeved flannel shirt teams up with a stitch-pleated flannel skirt, topped by a brown suede weskit full of pockets. The white piqué shirt underneath is worn or not as you please. Dolly Tree designed this for Myrna in M-G-M's "I Love You Again"

Willinger

GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Associate Fashion Editors

Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country



Forester, Inc., Waterbury



Gracie knows her new smooth woolen suit-dress will "register" well in her job-interview. The colors—putty and loam-brown...the longer jacket... the narrower skirt . . . they're all the last word in fashion at any price—although Gracie's suit costs less than $30. Should she get the job (she did, of course!)—she could shed her jacket and go to work, for her skirt is topped by a simple green wool jersey blouse with a trio of handy pockets



Russeks, N. Y., Forester, Inc., Waterbury

WHITE COLLAR GIRL

Today's career girls are "white collar girls" in name only. They have lived down the quaint notion that simple white collars and cuffs are their badge of servitude—the essential ingredient of the smart girl's working costume. Pert little singing and dancing starlet, Grace McDonald, who plays opposite Bob Paige in Paramount's "Dancing on a Dime" is not too far removed from her own job-hunting days to pose for Photoplay readers in two smart costumes that prove our thesis. They'll help you get—and hold—your job!



"Teacher" commands the attention of her class in her grayed-blue herringbone tweed dress. The schoolgirl-neck and elbow-sleeves are bound with soft gray velvet. The skirt boasts double dig-down pockets and a flared-for-action hem. Time out for a hasty snack (near right): "Teacher" has added a lumberjack-jacket that transforms her schooldress into a jaunty suit. It matches the dress, of course, and adds collar, cuffs and buttons of the same gray velvet. $24.95. The tiny Betty Betmar tricorne is very new and shoots its lofty feathers into the sky

Marian Stephenson

DEANNA'S *Fall Debut*



I. Magnin, Los Angeles





Ray Jones



The perfect little arbiter of good taste in campus clothes is, of course, Deanna Durbin, a very fashion-wise young woman. At Photoplay's suggestion, Deanna, who will captivate you in her next film, Universal's "Spring Parade," posed in her idea of what's what in college fashions

HER DAY-LONG DRESS (top, left)—two-part triumph of soft green cashmere-jersey with bright-red knitted sleeves and stocking cap. Push-up sleeves are a college requirement. The knitted stocking cap that twirls into a scarf is destined to be a big campus fad

HER SUIT—a timeless trio—timeless because she can wear the jacket suit (top, far right) this very minute and add the topcoat (above, center) when wintry winds blow. Deanna chose companion tweeds—very new—the topper striped in brown and green and gold with giant pockets; the jacket suit in matching green

HER GALA GOWN strikes a happy balance between the sophisticated look that the teens themselves strive for and the ingenue quality that their mothers endeavor to impose upon them. In combination of black taffeta and velveteen, it boasts a low heart-neck, wee puffed sleeves and a merry-go-round skirt

Deanna Durbin fashions at Franklin Simon's, New York



Corduroy continues to mount in fashion importance—here it is in a bold red and black print jacket with important-looking pockets, shielding a classic dress of Juilliard's beige wool, used also for jacket-revers and pocket-flaps. $16.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver

A. Harris, Dallas





Corduroy again—this time in a tastefully tailored jacket of rich Adobe brown "Pinroy," topping a cute green frock of Botany's pure woolen with bodice-yoke and pleats. $22.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver

B. Siegel, Detroit

Summing Up THE SUIT SITUATION



The young always "go" for jacket-suits because they look so well in "little" coats. You can see for yourself that young June Preisser, dancing starlet currently featured in M-G-M's "Strike Up The Band," is no exception. We think most of young America will follow suit

The "Butcher boy" jacket—loose and boxy—in tempting Vino wine fine-wale corduroy—is a perfect foil for the soft pink dress of Juilliard's wool with brass buttons marching smartly from neck to waist and pockets. $16.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver

A. Harris, Dallas



Bult



Practicability—in the vibrant green tweed coat by Junior Guild, flecked with plumage colors and decisively bound in green leather. Beneath the coat—a bronze sheer wool dress of stark simplicity. $49.95





Versatility—in the pert young Gaucho green coat of Juilliard's woolen, enhanced by a little collar and Persian lamb muff, posed over a dress of black "Crystal Pebble" (Celanese rayon and wool). $49.95; muff, $22.95



Wearability—in Margie Joy's foliage green overplaid "Huddler" coat; its sheer green wool lining matches the trim frock with pleated bodice-panel and skirt to stress the slimmer line that's so important this fall. $39.95

Fashion arithmetic, summed up by Bonita Granville, talented young emotional actress soon to appear in M-G-M's "Escape," presents a picture of total excitement—utter usefulness—arresting color in costume suits



These costumes from Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.


LOVELY

TO LOOK AT



engstead-higgins

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star . . ." Twinkle she does, this Loretta Young, who dresses for a big fall evening on her social calendar in I. Magnin's fairy-princess frock (opposite page) of snowy tulle sprinkled with twinkling crystal paillettes. It takes six frothy petticoats to float the billowy skirt and with it Loretta also floats a filmy tulle scarf from her slim shoulders

Picture yourself at dinner—the sensation you would make in this magnificent I. Magnin dinner ensemble, "The Juliet"! You see how it intensifies the allure of lovely Loretta with its sweep of fuchsia skirt and molding midriff of vivid cyclamen. Loretta wears it with a tiny hooded fuchsia jacket kept purposely brief to throw her willowy waist into relief

Penny



NEW! NEW! NEW! THE JUMPER DRESS—Fall version of spring's popular young fashion, done in soft grayed-green wool and rayon, with a companion checkered shirt that will team up with other skirts. Patch-pockets and saddle-stitched belt give the jumper that mannish look so smart this season. $15

Marian Stephenson





A COURSE IN



I. Magnin, Los Angeles

CAMPUS UNIFORM — Flap-pocket shirt and all-around pleated skirt—stitched to give a sleek-looking hip—of grayed blue "Mastrella" flannel (Crown Tested rayon and wool). About $16. Slung over Phyllis' shoulders is a mannish camel's hair jacket

Franklin Simon's, N. Y.

THE HE-MAN TOUCH—Phyllis pushes a wheelbarrow—good exercise—(left, center) in Glen plaid slacks of worsted and rayon and a high-button patch-pocket jacket. These two parts are also much at home in the dorm. Jacket, $7.95; slacks, $6.95. Part three is a matching inverted-pleated skirt, $6.95, worn (at the left) with Luxable Scotch Shetland twin sweaters. Pullover, $5.95; cardigan, $7.95—in 24 colors

Wise fashions

(*Trademark*)

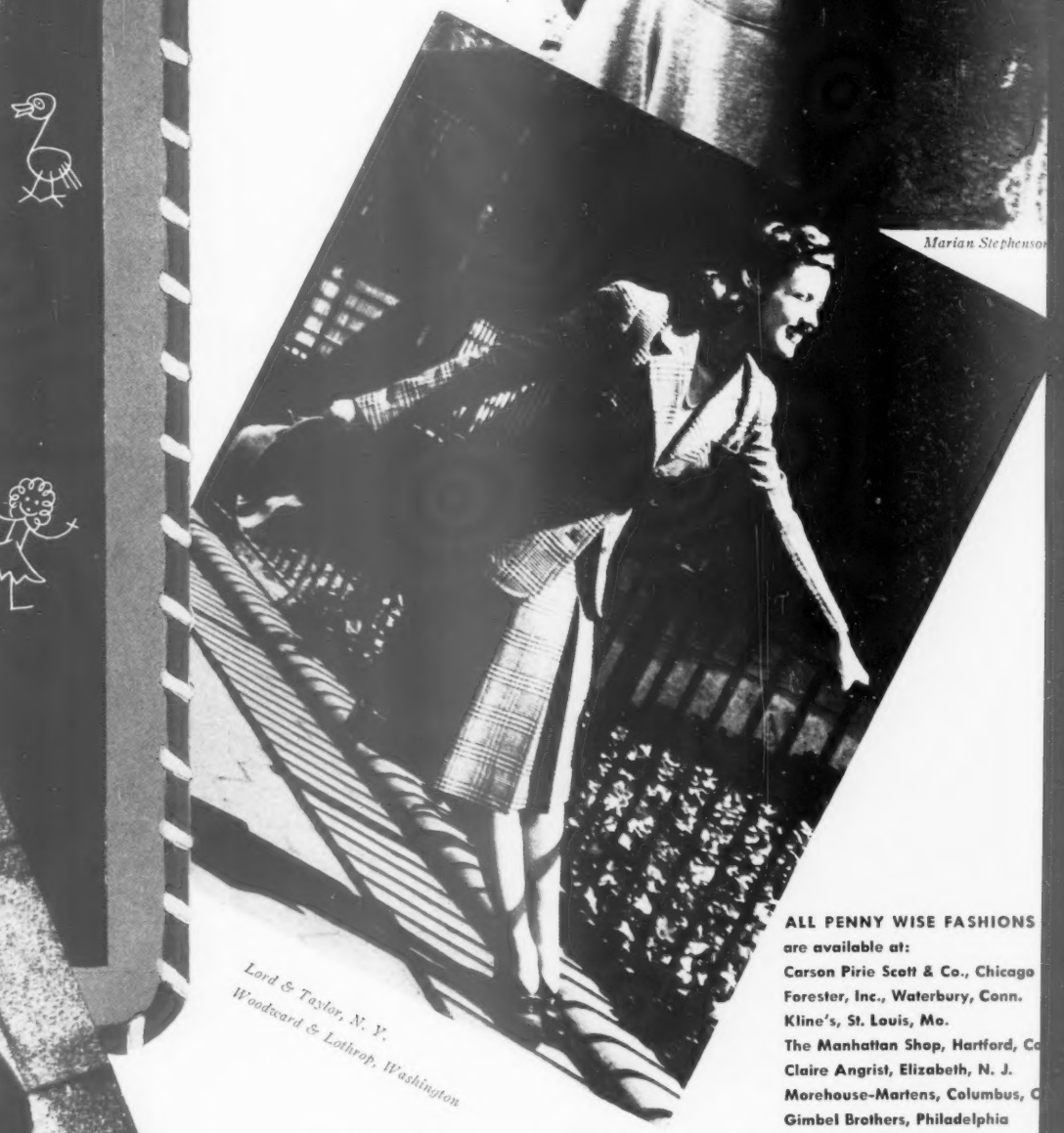
Bullock's, Los Angeles
B. Altman & Co., N. Y.



TOP-FORM JERSEY — A cozy little heather-colored woolen that copies a thing or two from collegiate cardigans — the simple round neck, the ribbon-binding and push-up sleeves. Four giant sandwich pockets are shirred on top and there's a bright green tailored belt 'round the middle. $15

COLLEGE CLASSICS

We pick Miss Phyllis Brooks, last seen in Walter Wanger's "Slightly Honorable," to give this course because we think she looks the part perfectly. She's not too far removed from her own schooldays in Michigan and she wears her clothes with just that smart casual air that distinguishes the best-dressed girls on any campus



Marian Stephenson

Lord & Taylor, N. Y.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

ALL PENNY WISE FASHIONS are available at:
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Kline's, St. Louis, Mo.
The Manhattan Shop, Hartford, Co
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.
Morehouse-Martens, Columbus, O
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia



Arnold Constable, N. Y.
Gimbel Bros., N. Y. (sweaters)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD—"But there's nothing to stop us gals from lifting their fashions," says Phyllis Brooks, putting over her point in a stunning, man-tailored Glen plaid longer jacket (26 inches), $15; and a matching, slimmer-than-usual skirt with inverted pleats back and front, $7.95. The hat's a pert visor-cap of bright red velveteen, around $4

INDISPENSABLES—Londonderry's camel's hair and woolen topper (left) with zip-in, zip-out Gordon plaid wool lining and handy inside straps for the girl who "shoulders" her coat. $25. Matching plaid wool skirt, $6.95. Downee's natural Shetland twin sweaters with grosgrain-bound cardigan and fashioned sleeves, $7 the set; Betty Betmar's classic felt brimmed hat, $5. The pearls are a college requirement

Miss Angelus' furs and dresses by Russek's Fifth Avenue, New York and Chicago



Redell







Muriel Angelus, an English import now playing in Paramount's "The Great McGinty," lives in sports clothes all day long. Sports furs, too —not necessarily costly furs, but inexpensive models that are the making of any casual tweed or simple jersey frock you wear!

The "LITTLE BOY'S COAT" (above left) comes by its name honestly, with a small turnover collar, big patch pockets and slit vent-back borrowed from your kid brother. You'd swear it was beaver, though it's really Laskin mouton, at one-fourth the price, $75! Muriel teams it with a natural cashmere jersey dress (left) with sandwich pockets and reefs in her waist with rawhide thongs. A find at $19.95!

THE FUR "GREAT COAT"—perfect for open car addicts . . . rumble-seat riders . . . football enthusiasts and outdoor fiends! You see it at its inexpensive best in snowy polar wolf tinged with the dark markings of Bruin himself. Warm as toast and only $130! Muriel wears it with a tweedy-looking red rabbit's-hair woolen shirt-dress with yoke top and dig-in pockets. A perfect "Casual" for just $19.95

SPORTING *Furs* ... SPORTING *Frocks*

1940's

All-American Fur

The United States Government itself had a hand in the creation of the beautiful Matara brown Alaska sealskin coat worn so proudly by Sonja Henie, 20th Century's skating star. Its sleek pelts, new taupe coloring and the long, useful life it will lead are all results of Uncle Sam's rules and regulations, while its smartly casual styling makes it a coat all women will want to wear this winter. Sonja wears hers over her favorite suit—a men's wear striped flannel with a skirt of plain brown and a shirt of checked silk. Coat by Willard George of Los Angeles

Pawalny





THE SHOE BOX

Shut your eyes, reach at random into any one of these ten shoe-boxes and you'll be sure to pull out a prize—for each shoe shown here is a fashion star for fall

1. Styled in Hollywood—Jolene's D'Orsay-cut Lastex suede stepin with patent leather heel and curlicues to lighten and brighten the vamp. Price around $4
2. A novel leather-bound, overlapping buckle in Newton Elkin's walled-last suede stepin. Additional fashion news is its quadrilateral heel. $15.75
3. Lattice cutouts lighten and formalize this Air Step oxford with D'Orsay sides and the new rocking chair heel. In black or brown suede. Around $6
4. Fringed leather tabs climb the vamp of a Modern Miss stepin fashioned in wine-color elasticized suede with tip and quarter of matching kidskin. $5
5. News! Fluted ruching trimming a shoe! Heel Latch's black suede stepin with trimly tailored bow, tiny peep toe and pyramid heel. Price around $6
6. The ever popular D'Orsay vamp stages a big revival in Naturalizer's graceful "Valkyre"—sleek black suede with a collar of elasticized leather. $6.75
7. Paradise's classic spectator pump with the famous Tango instep, made of antiqued tan calf, a color suggesting liquid butterscotch. Around $7
8. The new "tractor" heel in a Paris Fashion Shoe of black elasticized suede with ring-lizard accents on heel and vamp. Note D'Orsay-cut sides. $3.98
9. Just what you'd expect of an American Girl shoe—perforated suede moccasin-vamp, low heel and contrasting leather drawstring tied in a bow. Around $5
10. Furniture heels! Palter De Liso's newest contribution to fine shoemaking. Genuine antelope bow-pump with spiral woolen heel and buckle. $18.75

To find out where to buy these shoes write to the Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.





COLLEGE *Entrance Credits*

Now's the time for all practical-minded off-to-college girls to call for the PHOTOPLAY-McCALL pattern service—a new shortcut to campus chic and one of the least expensive ways for girls to go back to school in style. Pretty Linda Darnell shows you how really smart girls can look in these Photoplay-approved college fashions, made of hand-picked Crown Tested Rayon fabrics, from Photoplay-McCall's precise patterns. Linda's next featured role is in 20th Century-Fox's production, "Brigham Young"

The symbol (Ph) *identifies these* PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS *available at leading department stores throughout the country*



Povolny

No. 3854—A Talon-fastened dormitory coat (left) is a cheery thing to have when you're up in the wee sma' hours burning the midnight oil. Stripes are new and smart and you borrow the sailor collar from the Navy. Pet colors are brown and white—in Crown Tested rayon and wool flannel

No. 3880—This campus suit rates high in versatility. The jacket and skirt part company to form all sorts of new combinations with other "separates" in your college wardrobe. The pockets and inverted pleats are new. Run this one up in butterscotch brown Crown Tested rayon corduroy

No. 3857—The jumper dress is running the old college favorites right off the campus! A "hit" because a girl can switch blouses to her heart's content. Make yours in Crown Tested rayon and wool stripes—brown and gold preferred—with plain gold blouse. Make sure it has long sleeves



SOPHISTICATED *simplicity*

When a girl has as lithe and lovely a body as M-G-M's Eleanor Powell, now starring in "Broadway Melody of 1940," her clothes just naturally take on rhythm! Here comes Eleanor, swinging along (left) in her first fall frock—a maple-sugar brown wool jersey buttoned in leather from neck to hem, with a skirt that twirls like a top when Eleanor's dancing feet get going. The push-up sleeves are very new. Alligator bag, belt and shoes make a smart fall trio, and her brown felt sailor tops things off in style

Eleanor, in a quiet mood, dresses for dinner in gray chiffon, demurely pleated from childish round neck to turquoise-studded leather belt that slims the waist. But make no mistake—should Eleanor decide to dance, there's a swirling skirt that releases its pleats at the hips and floats like the clouds. Her jewels are most impressive—a diamond and sapphire choker that hugs the neck of her dress, and a bracelet and compact to match. Fitting gems for a shining star!





Bull

THE Camera SPEAKS



The Plot: James Stewart and Olivia de Havilland vetoed publicity on their much-discussed romance when he went to her home lot (Warners) to co-star with former flame Rosalind Russell in "No Time for Comedy." The Surprise Ending: Though Jimmy and Roz clowned like this for the camera, as-we-go-to-press rumors say that he's either already secretly wed to Livvie—or about to be!

Longworth

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

hedy

Typical of the extravagance of M-G-M's "Boom Town": The presence of Lamarr in a cast which already includes Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Hedy's had recent setbacks—both in her career and her marriage to Gene Markey—but advance reports hint that "B. T." settles at least one of those problems!

Willinger

Joan



Once Joan was merely Connie's blonde, shy kid sister—until she proved her Bennett theatrical blue-blood by rating rave reviews, making matrimony headlines—and crashing front pages by dyeing her hair! She's still darkly exotic in her latest picture, "The Man I Married"—for which she was loaned to 20th Century-Fox by Walter Wanger, the man she really married

A sailor, home from the sea —a Hunter with his family! Between scenes of the movie version of Eugene O'Neill's sea drama, "The Long Voyage Home," Ian Hunter relaxes in one of Hollywood's happiest households with his wife and their sons, Robin and Jolyon

It's play clothes now for both mother and fifteen-month-old son. Maureen O'Sullivan wears a beige slack ensemble, topped by a red gabardine jacket—and a broad smile. Baby Michael Damien wears a smile to match —for, as soon as Mama finished "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sporting Blood," they flew to Ottawa to stay with Papa John Villiers Farrow, the director who left Hollywood to serve in the Canadian Naval Intelligence

Willinger





Entering Ciro's for a gay evening, Marlene Dietrich wears a smartly severe suit of black and white in fashionable stripes



Last time in public: Hedy Lamarr with Gene Markey greets the crowd at the "Lillian Russell" premiere. She wears a white turtle-neck blouse with gold leather leaves atop an emerald green peg-top skirt. Wrap is of ermine



J. Stewart's partner is Joan Fontaine in a bright-red silk jersey blouse and white organdy skirt. Jewel accents — pearls

WHAT THEY'RE WEARING

Stunning Kay Francis wears a dinner gown of bright blue with small white flowers printed in the form of stripes. The gown has a low V-neckline and Kay wears a heavy jeweled drop necklace and bracelet. Her dinner partner is Bernard Newman, of the famous Hollywood designers' contingent



Alluringly feminine is this heart-shaped chapeau of white carnations with black velvet snood. It's lovely Loretta Young's choice for dinner dancing at Ciro's. A white jabot blouse lends romantic charm to her black suit





Perfect for dancing—with Dan Topping—is Sonja Henie's white chiffon with its crystal bead trim and petal-edged hemline



Silver fox coats from bolero to the hip-length jacket are important fashion. Here Barbara Stanwyck attends, with Robert Taylor, the "Waterloo Bridge" preview, wearing a bolero silver fox jacket over an all-black costume. Her hat is of small flowers and velvet with veiling



Ciro Customer: Rita Hayworth in a black and white silk crepe with pansy-printed skirt. Plain black bodice sports two pansies

Cool answers to burning fashion questions. Cameraman go-between—Hyman Fink

Arriving at the preview of "Our Town" with Owen Davis Jr. is leading lady Martha Scott, attired in black and white checks with bright-red gloves and scarf. Her perky white sailor is trimmed in black. We congratulate you, Martha!



Hymie Fink catches an over-the-shoulder glimpse of Claire Trevor and husband Clark Andrews at Ciro's. Claire's print dress is of aquamarine blue fishes on a black background and her heavily draped black turban worn with gold earrings would make a perfect accessory for any print dress



TOGETHER





Ten to one you'll find Allan and Irene on their badminton court (and it's not just a "love game" for them, either—they recently won Hollywood's unofficial mixed-doubles championship from a field of 50)! Or you might find them paddling around their pool



Poolside relaxation after their first co-starring film, "The Boys From Syracuse"

Musical interlude in the living room of their Colonial-type home out in Bel Air





Storybook hour for their two-year-old son, John Allan Jones

Starring Allan Jones and Irene Hervey in filmland's 1940 version of "happy though married"

Allan himself built this practical model of a racing car—with trailer







Head of the exercise-for-relaxation group is Fred MacMurray, who does at least 100 strokes a day on this rowing machine, finishing off with a restful and revigorating sun bath



Cucumber juice (pressed in her own kitchen and brought to the set in a thermos jug) is Ann Sothern's guarantee against four o'clock fatigue. Still other Hollywood cups that cheer range from Carole Lombard's plain hot water to Ann Sheridan's daily quart of milk

Keeping Up the Pace

BY KAY PROCTOR



Ginger Rogers has a two-way plan calling for violent exercise like tennis and badminton when she's doing a screen drama and "gentle exercise like swimming" when she's dancing for musicals. She also alternates carrot and sauerkraut juices as her daily pick-me-up



Fencing for an hour each morning with brother Alex is Patricia Morison's formula for keeping fit. Walking, however, is the usual activity of most of the stars—though Jimmy Cagney works himself out of the doldrums by going through all his old vaudeville dances



Paramount's Bill Henry seconds other film folk by stirring a packet of uncolored unsweetened gelatine in a glass of cold water for a twice-daily drink



Especially effective for eyestrain or headache, Anne Shirley believes, is her trick of dipping little pads of cotton in strong, cold tea and covering her eyes with them while taking a nap



New Englander Bette Davis believes in the time-honored apple-a-day theory. One every afternoon staves off hunger pangs, doesn't spoil her appetite for dinner, she claims

Feeling tired? Hollywoodians have learned how to work hard—and stay well! Here's the way they do it:

THERE is one comforting thing about the screaming willies: Everybody gets 'em, including the highly paid movie stars!

All of us know only too well what it is to wind up a day's work with exhausted bodies and frazzled nerves, the physical penalty for this modern age of superspeed and efficiency. Most of us, therefore, keep a weather eye peeled for new ways of fighting that depressing fatigue and search for simple means to restore our depleted energy and pep. We need an extra lift to help us over the hump to the next day.

No less than you and I, the stars have their own pep ideas and little health tricks. For them it is serious business, for stars do not remain stars if they lack the stamina to stand up under the gruelling grind of making movies and still keep their good looks and figures. Nor do many of them have any use for faddy stunts or nostrums; they have learned from the tragic experiences of others how dangerous a little knowledge can be. Freak diets, exercises and medicines have taken a toll in the film colony, as elsewhere.

Scores of the stars, for instance, have found amazing magic in the everyday foods and drinks they scorned as children, vitamin magic concentrated in simply prepared beverages which cost but a few pennies. Others have discovered certain exercises which help them keep in trim, while still others have developed little tricks of relaxation and massage to insure energy remaining at par.

You'll find a number of these pictured on these pages, most of them easily copied in any walks of life. Not so easy to follow, however, are Loretta Young's practice of staying in bed until noon when she's not working on a picture (though you might try it to advantage on week ends), or Dolores Del Rio's habit of relaxing for several hours in a special "sun pit," a six-foot excavation half filled with sand.

More practical is Irene Dunne's simple formula: *Standing* whenever possible! She says it not only helps to keep your figure slim but works wonders with the nerves in the spine.



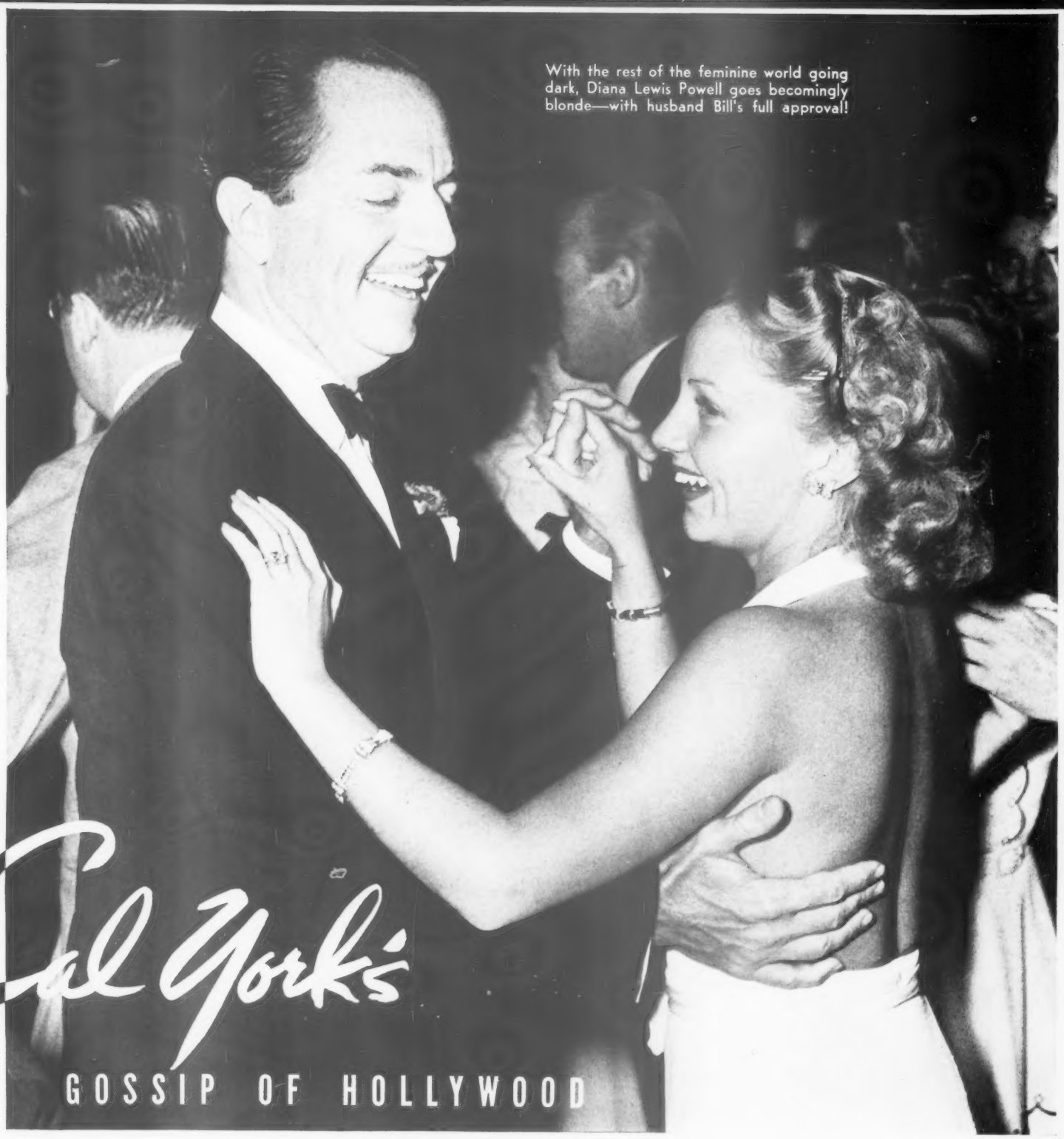
Basil Rathbone admits it takes concentrated practice to achieve his "mental blackouts," but says it's worth it! He stretches out on anything handy and shuts the whole world out of his mind for five or ten minutes of peace



"Lucky Partners"

This gay American title for Sacha Guitry's "Bonne Chance" was surely inspired by the happy teaming of Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman in the RKO version. Not so lucky, however, are the relays of long-suffering writers who've already done three revisions of the original script—which sends a pair of sweepstakes winners on an extramarital honeymoon, to the consternation of censors

Marable



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Proving once again that what happens to the stars in private life is still more exciting than all the epics ever immortalized on film

Tragic Circle

YOU'D think that lovely Alice Faye had everything, wouldn't you? Beauty, fame, money, success. But Alice hasn't the one thing she wants most. That's love.

Deep down, Alice is a one-man girl and this means that—for all she has divorced him, for all she says (sometimes too defiantly) that she doesn't even like him, for all that—she is still in love with Tony Martin.

There are friends of hers who know this. There are friends who saw enacted, one night in a New York club, a certain drama as poignant as many a scene of movie make-believe. Alice was at this night club with Sandy Cummings, the attractive, likable young nephew of director Irving Cummings. Tony was there with a beautiful show girl. As it happened, their tables were close to each other, enabling a sort of tragic circle of emotions to move 'round and 'round, engulfing them. You see, Alice couldn't keep her eyes off Tony, try as she would to be nice to young Sandy. Tony, in turn, seemed to ignore her in favor of his own dinner partner. Perversely, the latter elected to make a play for Sandy. But he—and all Hollywood knows this—had long since given his heart to Alice "to tear," as the saying goes. And she did it that night, despite his devotion. Because as we say, she couldn't keep her eyes off Tony. . . .

Upsy-Daisy!

BRIAN AHERNE tells this one on himself. It happened when he was on an Australian dramatic tour years ago and it was—but definitely—not in the script, and unrehearsed. The play was a medieval melodrama. In a tense scene, Brian, the hero, had been paying a clandestine visit to the boudoir of a maiden fair and was about to be discovered. Holding the damsel's honor dearer than his life, he chose to leap off the parapet outside her window to his death.

Well, in rehearsal he made the jump all right and was duly caught in a net hidden backstage. But on the night of the first performance, either the net had been stretched too tight or he jumped with too much enthusiasm. Anyway, the net bounced him back up above the parapet again, in sight of the audience. Brian says that is the only time in his experience when he literally "laid 'em in the aisles."

Dress is formal (Hollywood style)—but the after-dark mood is strictly for fun!





Ciro smiles forecast a Chicago wedding: Sonja Henie (now Mrs. Dan, despite all those denials) and Dan Topping

Youth dances at Ciro's—the fabulously young and dewy-eyed starlet, Linda Darnell, and her best beau, Frank Swann



Two world-famous faces at "Prince Mike" Romanoff's Red Cross party (at the Clover Club): Marion Davies and liberal lawyer Dudley Field Malone



Round-table discussion at Cafe Lamaze: Marriage-minded Dick Greene and Virginia Field turn their attention to British war relief with Reginald Gardiner

$2,000,000 Hot Potato

THE eyes of the movie world are turned with questioning wonder today on a little gray-haired actor in Hollywood called Charles Spencer Chaplin; a genius with a hunk of fortune tied up in a film labeled "Production Number Six" which unmercifully kids Hitler and Mussolini.

Six months ago, Chaplin's burlesque was eagerly awaited by every country except Mr. Hitler's and Mr. Mussolini's. People couldn't wait to laugh. It was all a riotous howl—and when France and England finished off Herr Nazi, it would be even funnier.

Only it hasn't happened that way. Instead of men to laugh over, the dictators have become figures to contemplate with serious wonder. In view of America's attempted neutrality, certain folk may even consider Chaplin (an Englishman) to be a propagandist.

Meanwhile, Charlie goes on his way, pruning his film and talking of a fall release. Who knows but by that time the tide will have turned and once again the world will be free to laugh?

"Anyway," a certain big producer said recently, "it's the biggest hot potato any little guy ever held in his bare hands. And I'm glad it's Chaplin's problem, not mine."

The Return of the Profile

"JAWN" BARRYMORE is back in Hollywood once again, stirring the town with his quick wit and hilarious quips. "I'm crazy over this Ratoff," he confides to Cal, over the luncheon table. "The way we struggle for scenes is like a battle between epilepsy and delirium tremens."

For two years John made history in Chicago and New York with his play, "My Dear Children," creating a stir with his intimate side remarks from the stage.

"All a part of the show," John now reveals. "And do you suppose I could have appeared on any stage intoxicated and faced an audience? All a part of the show," he grins.

So it looks as if a couple of cities had been badly "tooken in," as it were. Even that hospital siege in New York was not for alcoholism,

as reported, but the removal of an infected tooth and a piece of jaw bone. As if in affirmation of this fact, Mr. Barrymore never, for a moment, unless gestulating, removes his forefinger from the new tooth, so annoying is it to him.

"After ten year's absence from the stage, I felt, when I first stepped out, exactly as if I were losing my pants," he explained.

"Yes," he said, in answer to our question, "I dare say this picture, 'The Great Profile,' has a smattering of biography in it, but I love doing it. Everyone will think I'm playing a character and I can ham to my heart's content."

"Not every actor kids himself so unmercifully as you, Mr. Barrymore," we said.

From the foot of the luncheon table, his wife (Elaine Barrie) remarked, "Perhaps he's the only one who can afford to."

From where we sat, John's wife seems a mighty sensible woman. And useful in emergency, too, for, as John says, if stage and screen should fail him, he can always go back to his balloon ascension act—"Elaine would look wonderful in tights," he explained.

On the Record

MOST music-makers this month have hopped on M-G-M's "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," resulting in a wide choice of interpretations. Heading the list, Judy Garland sings her two songs from the picture: "Buds Won't Bud" and "I'm Nobody's Baby." The second number was written before Judy was born, but she brings it up to date (Decca 3174). In sizzling, riff-swing fashion, maestro Benny Goodman offers his hot jazz arrangements of these same numbers (Columbia 35472) and Tommy Dorsey records them with mellow trombone, sweet swing and perfect dance tempo (Victor 26609).

"Blue Lovebird" from 20th Century-Fox's "Lillian Russell," is now on its way up to popularity's top, helped along by Guy Lombardo who sweetens it up in his smooth way and couples it with another best seller: "The Nearness of You" (Decca 3214).

One smart disc manufacturer has taken advantage of a lull in Fred Astaire's movie-making schedule to record the wizardous foot-man's steps. To get the film fans coming and swing fans going, he has added Benny Goodman and his band to the combination. The first side is "Just Like Taking Candy from a Baby." Fred, in addition to writing the song, sings and tap-dances it. On the reverse, Astaire sings and Goodman toots "Who Cares" (Columbia 35517).

Warners' "All This and Heaven Too" has produced a beautifully pleasant Tin Pan Alley result known—naturally—as "ATAHT." Charlie Barnet, his jumpy, warm saxophone and his orchestra have recorded it in fine style. Its partner is "Where Do You Keep Your Heart" (Bluebird 10751). Though free of all movie affiliations, it is a worthy companion.

There is no one quite so out of this world as slap-happy-voiced Jerry Colonna. There is no way of describing what he does with what normal people call vocal cords. Jerry has been popping up in pictures and stealing scenes with his completely individual type of comedy singing. His is a unique combination—and Columbia 35512 is strictly for the sound track. Colonna "sings" "Who's Yehoodi?" and "Every Day Is Lady's Day With Me."

Mary Martin—once cast out, then coaxed back—seems to have developed into the cinema's leading feminine song-seller. To celebrate, Decca releases an album of Cole Porter songs with Mary doing the singing. Number one in the collection, of course, is "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (Decca Album 123).



Sky's the limit at Ciro's for Hal Wallis, Warners' executive producer, and wife Louise Fazenda, after premiering "All This and Heaven Too"!



Unexpected dinner-hour guests at the Pirates' Den: Freddie Bartholomew (caught in the act of applauding—not waving) escorts his Aunt "Cissie"



Celebrating celebrities: Bette Davis's mother; Bob Taplinger, Warners' studio publicity director; Bette; and Photoplay's color photographer Paul Hesse

Retreat

Hollywood is daily becoming more ranch and farm-conscious, with stars' conversations these days as full of the chickens and cattle they expect to raise in the future as it is of the screen roles they're working on now.

Eugene Pallette has an Oregon "hideaway," little talked of, tucked away in some hidden productive valley.

Last week Clark Gable flew with a friend to Arizona to look over ranches where he and Carole may eventually raise cattle.

Herbert Marshall, too, is a back-to-the-land enthusiast. "We'll raise chickens, Lee and I," he says. "I stayed with some relatives on a farm in England, after my last war injury and I think I know a lot about chicken-raising."

Perhaps the forerunner of all these ideas was John Halliday's.

John long ago settled on a chicken ranch in Hawaii and only on the rarest occasions flies back to Hollywood for pictures. "When my farm needs a new fence or something, I'll go back and work for the money," he says. "Otherwise, I remain right here."

Amateur

Jackie Cooper's most embarrassing moment occurred at the graduation exercises of Beverly Hills High School this year. Jackie, who studied at studio schools, appeared as a "guest graduate" and stood in with the class for its school picture. Now movie-making necessitates, both from the photographer and his subject, a technique different from that used in still photography and Jackie, trained not to stare into a movie camera, only glanced obliquely at the still camera.

Suddenly the cameraman halted and scowlingly called to Jackie:

"Hey you, up there. Haven't you got sense enough to look at a camera?"

The photographer *still* doesn't know why the class broke up in hysterics.

Spence Tracy Haw Haws

Recently, Spencer Tracy emerged from a hotel to find dozens of fans crowding the doorway. With only a few moments to get to his next appointment, the actor hesitated.

"Listen," said a publicity man with Tracy, "I happen to know this particular group is made up of professional autograph hounds who really don't care a hoot for your signature. Let's make a break for it."

And they did.

But before the taxi could draw away from the curb, one ruffian put his head in the door and yelled at Spencer,

"'I Take This Woman'—phooey."

"And there followed," Spencer howls, "the loudest raspberry in the state of California."

Love Keeps on Happening

THE Bob Taplinger-Bette Davis romance has reached the one-gardenia-a-day stage. The genial young head of Warners' Publicity Department really seems to be over his ears in love. And Bette, who attended her very first premiere when "All This And Heaven Too" was previewed, has never seemed so radiant.

The Greg Bautzer-Dottie Lamour courtship has all the zip of a firecracker. But here's the amazing twist. 'Tis reported Lana Turner, who was Greg's one and only until the night of her elopement with Artie Shaw, no longer bows to Dottie when they meet and Margaret Roach (producer Hal's young offspring) who is so fond of Greg, keeps asking everyone if Greg has really fallen for Dottie. Talk about screen glamour boys! This law-practicing (when does he find time for it?) Bautzer has them all lashed to the mast.

In the meantime, Dottie's ex-heart, Robert Preston, is showering attentions on Alice Faye who can't make up her mind whether or no to proceed with her divorce against Tony Martin.

Is it any wonder we all wear that slightly dazed look in Hollywood?

Puppy Love

THE Robert Stack-Judy Garland twosome is the most constant romance in town. Bobby (who made a sensation as Deanna Durbin's leading man in "First Love") and Judy got right up to the finals in a rhumba contest the other night before they lost out.

At Victor Hugo's recently, Bob calmly strolled off, leaving Judy with an unpaid check. When poor bewildered Judy, who had no money with her, tried to write out a check for the amount, they refused to cash it.

Just when it looked really bad, Bob came back, in hysterics at Judy's distressed face. Of course, it was all a gag.

Her pal, Mickey Rooney, is helping Judy map out some sort of revenge on the handsome Stack.

That what - can - I - do - about - it - look that Mickey Rooney wears around these days is due to the fact Mickey ain't agrowin'. He hasn't grown one-half inch in the past year and now all his girl friends tower over him.

Jackie Cooper's girl friend, Bonita Granville, understands her man all right. At the Cocoanut Grove, Jackie and Bonita tried to persuade the manager to let them skate on the ice used for the floor show, but to no avail. Nothing daunted, Jackie then took over the drums and played all evening with the orchestra, and well, too. Bonita? Oh, she sat right beside him and enjoyed every minute of it.

Low Embers

THERE seems to be a slight cooling in the Norma Shearer-George Raft direction due, one hears, to the overfervent interviews Mr. Raft has given out regarding his affections for his lady love.

Hollywood believes unanimously this marriage will never take place.

Helen Parrish, seventeen-year-old starlet, has returned the ring given her by ambitious Forrest Tucker, the young man who flew to New York to get Helen's "yes" while she was on

Paulette Goddard and Bill Stephenson ... reveal plenty of form and a lot of finesse, doing an ... exhibition rhumba for sweet charity ...



a personal-appearance tour.

The combined disapproval of Helen's mother and studio (Universal) were too much for Mr. Tucker.

Hollywood gives ten to one this merger will never happen.

War—and Its Effect on Hollywood

ALONG with its lush foreign grosses, Hollywood, due to the war, is losing its source of a very necessary commodity—human hair. Ninety per cent of the hair used to weave wigs for such pictures as "The Howards of Virginia," "The Sea Hawk" and "New Moon" came from the heads of peasant women of the Balkans and Scandinavian countries. A shipment worth $12,500, due to leave Amsterdam in May of this year, was lost when the Nazis grabbed Holland, according to Hollywood's master wig-maker, Max Factor.

However, a September shipment provided the Max Factor studios (who do practically all the studio hair work) with enough long rare red tresses, soft natural golden blonde and black hair to last for some time to come.

Human hair was more or less sold as a crop by women of the Balkans, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Norway and Sweden.

Throughout these European countries, agents toured the countryside, contracting to buy the beautiful, soft hair of the women, figuring it required a woman seven years to grow a new crop. Prices were regulated by color and length of hair. For example, forty-eight-inch lengths in natural red would be worth fifty dollars an ounce, with prices grading down to black, which came cheaper. Iron-gray hair and natural blonde also ran very high in price. Of course, the natives received very little in comparison to the ultimate consumer who bargained for his hair through the central shipping point of Amsterdam.

"Well, how about patronizing the home market, Mr. Factor?" we asked Hollywood's genius of wiggery.



Spontaneous hilarity from Arthur and Myrna Loy Hornblow, against Ciro's padded walls

"Women in the United States," he said, "reading of the possible future shortage in human hair, have tried time and again to sell their hair commercially, but, unfortunately, it is rarely any good. The beauty treatments given to hair tend to destroy its softness after a year or so. Besides, it almost never comes in the lengths, 24″, 26″ and 48″, necessary for commercial use.

"We are investigating the South American market, however," he concluded.

Mr. Factor states all the ingredients used for good screen make-up are obtainable domestically, so women needn't worry over their lipstick supply.

"But perfume," says Mr. Factor, "that is a different story. France has been our chief exporter and look what's happened to France. This is one luxury trade that is due for a terrific tumble, I'm afraid."

So, ladies, it might be well to urge that beau into more perfume gifts before it's too late.

What Price Hollywood Kiss

Question: What is the price of a Hollywood kiss?

Answer: At a recent Red Cross auction, Miss Dietrich received a bid of $1,025 for one kiss. Mr. Bill Palmer of New York, on his first visit to Hollywood, was the bidder—urged on by his wife—and, needless to say, he got his kiss.

Sub-answer: "I'll pay $500 just for the thought of kissing Miss Dietrich," remarked author Erich Remarque. And he paid it right on the line.

Brother, that's tall thinking, Cal states.

Matrimonial Scoreboard

CREDIT: Surpise wedding of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman. Place—Chicago. The bride gave her age as 27, one year younger than the bridegroom, who was once married to Arline Judge.

Debit: Sudden ending of the Hedy Lamarr-Gene Markey marriage in separation, with both of them reported talking it over with their lawyers. Reason—"incompatibility."

Credit: Elopement of Carole Landis and her best beau, Willis Hunt Jr., Los Angeles broker. Place—Las Vegas.

Debit: The not-unexpected breakup of the Lana Turner-Artie Shaw marriage. Lana sailed for Hawaii to get away from it all, right after filing suit for divorce.

Credit: Birth of a son to happily married Gilbert and Janet Gaynor Adrian. Weight—seven pounds. Name—Robbin Gaynor Adrian.

Debit: Expected call to the colors of young British actor Richard Greene, which leaves his plans to marry Virginia Field very much up in the air. Virginia, also English, may sail home to engage in war work, too.

at Mrs. Eddie Robinson's big Red Cross party



Flynn, You Rascal, You!

IN Hollywood, Cal has for a neighbor the quietest, meekest little old lady imaginable. Her life is one of quiet routine and habit, rose-tending and housekeeping.

Or it was until that heart wrecker, Errol Flynn, entered her life. It was a life of peaceful contemplation indeed, until that Flynn—! ! !

"The bell rang just the same as it always rings," she explained The Great Event to us. "There was no difference in the sound at all. Nothing to warn me. So I went to the door and mind, with my apron on, too, and there stood a tall, young man who said with a sort of accent,

" 'Pardon me, but I'm looking for Don Alvarado. His address is such and such, only I can't seem to locate it.'

"So I told him it was just across the street and then suddenly it dawned on me. It so overcame me, I spoke right up.

"Aren't you Errol Flynn?

"And do you know what? He winked at me. Errol Flynn smiled and winked at *me*.

"I read all about what those South American fans did. Tearing that nice young man to pieces and all and I thought to myself, 'You foreigners think that's something, but *he winked* at me."

Last week from our window we glimpsed our neighbor and batted our eyes three times in succession. She was *wearing a pinafore* among her roses and smiling softly to herself.

That Flynn! If he doesn't get 'em, young and old!

Look Deceiving

HEDY LAMARR cut quite a swath the other day when she arrived for lunch in the M-G-M commissary wearing a perfectly gorgeous raspberry-red sports coat.

Hedy accepted all compliments deprecatingly, as always, with a merry twinkle in her gray-green-blue eyes.

Afterward, we learned why the twinkle.

"*Ach*" she said, "these compliments are the great joke! This beautiful red coat—it is only my old natural-color camel's hair, *sans* the belt, and dyed. Price $7.50!"

Moral: Glamour can be practical!

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES



CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio

ABOUT the time he married Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond left the screen and has been away from it ever since. Now he's back, which is about the most noteworthy feature of this frothy farce—that and the fact that Wendy Barrie (feminine heart interest) does a very sprightly scene in some very elegant undies. Gene is a young doctor en route in his car (complete with trailer) to California. Wendy, a madcap debutante who was to be married but ran away instead—in the above-mentioned undies and Gene's trailer. Gene doesn't like all this but ultimately succumbs to Wendy's charm. Fashion note: If the season isn't too advanced when you see it, you ladies may want to copy the frock with which Wendy finally covers up the undies.



STREET OF MEMORIES—20th Century-Fox

THERE is more to this thoughtful, straightforward piece than at first meets the eye. The fact that you may have heard little of John McGuire and Lynne Roberts, who head the cast, should make no difference in your appreciation, either, since what they lack in experience they make up in sincerity. The "Street of Memories" is in truth the "Skid Row" of every city, home of forgotten men. That John, whom you first see as a hobo, is a rich man's son suffering from amnesia may be in itself a trite circumstance. But in this instance it is part of a meaningful pattern, a verity that lifts the whole film above the level of "also ran" pictures. The high light of the picture is the acting of Guy Kibbee as a kind old tramp who befriends John.



★PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—M-G-M

MANY incidents have been telescoped into a few delightful scenes, minor characters have been dropped, lengthy letters have been expanded into dialogue, but the original spirit of Jane Austen's beloved novel of feminine foibles has been kept charmingly intact. The role of the arrogant and elegant *Mr. Darcy* doesn't give Laurence Olivier much chance to do anything but look romantically forbidding, which he does exceedingly well. That of the witty, high-spirited *Elizabeth Bennet* might have been created just for Greer Garson and her performance is one of shining perfection. *Elizabeth* is one of five daughters and the problem of marrying them off is a tragicomic one to the *Bennets*, who will be penniless after Papa's death. The fact that three of the girls are every bit as vain and cheap and silly as their mother (Mary Boland) isn't helpful. It almost wrecks the two main romances, that of sister *Jane* (Maureen O'Sullivan) and *Mr. Bingley* (Bruce Lester) and of *Elizabeth* and *Darcy*. *Darcy's* pride won't let him overlook the family's obvious imperfections and *Elizabeth's* prejudice against this "conceit" is hard to overcome. That's about all the plot there is. Most of the acting and direction borders on caricature—which is, however, just what Miss Austen intended in her comedy of manners. Her avid readers will love this miraculously faithful transcription of quiet life and genteel laughter in early 1800 England. Modern audiences will probably find it rather too quaint and much too long-winded for current movie tastes.



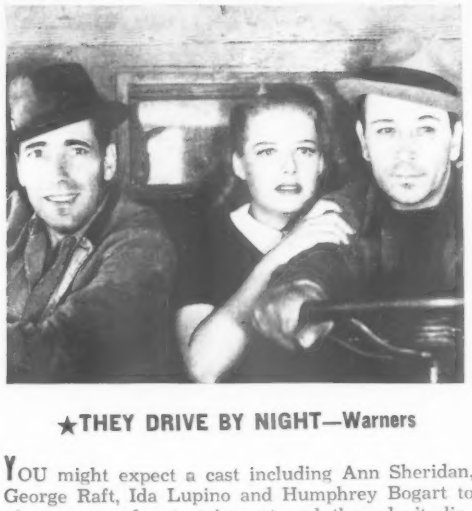
★TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS—RKO-Radio

LAUGHTER and tears are mixed up in this dramatization of the beloved old English classic, plus the thrill that goes with seeing characters in a book come alive before your eyes. Of course, you may have cherished a preconceived portrait of *Tom*, but it can't be far afield from the homely, honest, lovable personality of young Jimmy Lydon, RKO's new find. Perhaps you may have envisioned a different *Dr. Arnold* or *East* or *Flashman* than Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew or Billy Halop, respectively. But after five minutes you'll forget your own imaginings, their performances are that real and moving. If you remember, the story told is of Rugby, the famous English boys' school, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and *Dr. Arnold's* struggle, as its headmaster, to make its boys into "honest, God-fearing English gentlemen." *Tom* is a good boy and a good influence on the school. But he is not a sissy. He plays pranks and fights and gets into trouble like any boy of his age; you go right along with him, glorying in his triumphs, suffering in his defeats. Freddie Bartholomew is the perfect *East*—a little foppish, a little arrogant, a little selfish, but a good guy just the same. Billy Halop is the school bully and a tough one. Josephine Hutchinson is a gracious, tender *Mrs. Arnold*. This is not a sophisticate's picture, but if you appreciate honesty, if you revere tradition, if you admire the simple, wholesome aspects of human conduct, then go to see it. We predict you'll be glad you did!



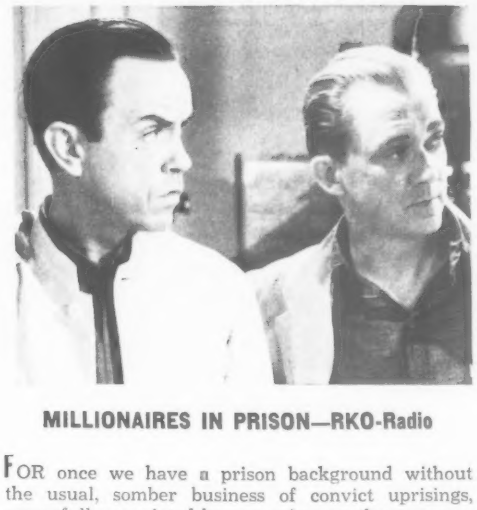
★THE SEA HAWK—Warners

ERROL FLYNN as a bold, swashbuckling, romantic buccaneer—what more could you movie fans want for your money? Yet, if you also demand suspense, intrigue and plenty of action, you'll have that, too, offered for your enjoyment by a wonderful cast, including Flora Robson, Alan Hale, Claude Rains, Donald Crisp and the beauteous Brenda Marshall. Errol, the *Sea Hawk*, pursuing his questionable career with the unofficial sanction of Queen Elizabeth (Miss Robson) captures a boatload of trouble when he boards the ship which is bringing the Spanish ambassador (Rains) and his niece (Brenda) to England. Claude is furious at the indignity and demands that the queen punish Errol. When she won't do that, he contrives an ambush for the latter's ship and the survivors, Errol included, face a life of captivity on a Spanish galleon. When, however, Errol learns that the Spanish Armada is advancing upon England, he escapes and carries warning to Elizabeth. Meanwhile, Errol has fallen in love with Brenda and has won her heart—which is quite understandable. What with its gorgeous court spectacles, its magnificent sea battles, its tender love scenes, this is one of the most thrilling pictures you'll see for many a day. In fact, after the first shock of realizing that this Queen Elizabeth doesn't look like Bette Davis, you are pretty certain to conclude that Flora Robson's performance, alone, is worth the price of admission. Errol's role, inspired by Rafael Sabatini's famous novel, "The Sea Hawk," is, of course, made to order for him.



★THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT—Warners

YOU might expect a cast including Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart to give you good entertainment and they don't disappoint you. Moreover, the story is sound and the dialogue, so blunt that it almost makes you blush, is by the same token natural and honest. Ida, wife of Alan Hale, owner of a trucking firm, is more interested in George than in her own husband, but George is in love with Ann (de-oomphed into the good, solid simplicity of a waitress) and she with him. When, in desperation, Ida contrives the murder of her husband, she implicates George, but eventually gives herself away. Incidentally, if "The Light That Failed" hasn't already done it, this performance will definitely put Ida up there on top.



MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO-Radio

FOR once we have a prison background without the usual, somber business of convict uprisings, wrongfully convicted heroes, crime on the rampage. Instead, this is a comedy, believe it or not, and a good one. Seems that five millionaires are "sent up"—and rightfully so—and the comic part has to do with their pompous attempts to adjust themselves to prison life. Truman Bradley, one of the plutocrats, is a doctor convicted of drunken driving. Assisted by Lee Tracy, the prison big shot, he works out some important medical experiments. Virginia Vale and Linda Hayes provide romance for Truman and Lee; Paul Guilfoyle is a convincing *Ox*. The whole thing is entertaining and a novel relief from the usual brand of "big house" stuff.



★I WANT A DIVORCE—Paramount

DICK POWELL and wife Joan Blondell join forces in a moving drama which points, without too much moralizing, a right smart lesson to married folks who figure the divorce court is the solution to marital evils. Dick and Joan fall in love, are married, vow to live happily ever after, only to find that differences do come up in the best regulated households. In this case, most of the trouble lies in Joan's aversion to the fact that Dick, a lawyer, has chosen to specialize in divorces. "Heart's blood money," she calls his fees, having before her the tragic example of her sister (Gloria Dickson) who has divorced her husband (Conrad Nagel). Jessie Ralph and Harry Davenport as Joan's grandparents contribute sage advice and good comedy.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Tom Brown's School Days

The Mortal Storm

New Moon

The Sea Hawk

They Drive By Night

Maryland

My Love Came Back

I Want A Divorce

Pride And Prejudice

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jimmy Lydon in "Tom Brown's School Days"

James Stewart in "The Mortal Storm"
Frank Morgan in "The Mortal Storm"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Mortal Storm"

Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk"
Flora Robson in "The Sea Hawk"

Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night"

Ben Carter in "Maryland"

Charles Winninger in "My Love Came Back"

Ralph Richardson in "The Fugitive"

Greer Garson in "Pride And Prejudice"



★MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox

A POIGNANT saga of horses and steeplechasing and a brokenhearted woman's stubborn determination to destroy her innate love of both, photographed in the most magnificent Technicolor you ever saw! Fay Bainter is the woman who, having lost her husband in a fox-hunting accident for which she blames herself, orders shot the beautiful thoroughbred involved in the accident and then shuts herself away on her lovely Maryland estate. Ironically, her son (John Payne, very handsome and romantic) grows up to love horses as dearly as she once did herself. When opportunity comes to ride in a countryside race a colt named "Cavalier," he seizes it. Walter Brennan is the owner of "Cavalier"; Brenda Joyce, particularly winsome in color, is his granddaughter, in love with John. Ben Carter, the colored chap who got so many laughs in "Little Old New York" steals the show when he gets religion at a "revival meetin'." (Rochester, look to your laurels!) You'll like both Marjorie Weaver, as a gaily predatory Southern belle, and Charlie Ruggles, a little on the inebriated side as usual. Yet it isn't cast, story or even the gorgeous color that makes this picture outstanding. It is, rather, a certain indescribable atmosphere that permeates it. Perhaps you'd call it the heart of Maryland. The two main events of the picture, the fox hunt and the steeplechase, lend themselves magnificently to the Technicolor camera. The director, Henry King, has made the best of every scene; the result is an exciting film slated for big box-office success.



★MY LOVE CAME BACK—Warners

ROMANCE, music, laughter; deft touches in direction that add color and verve to an already gay tale; Jeffrey Lynn turned into a real glamour boy; and a onetime child actress who never got very far turned into a glamour girl certain to go places—these are some of the thrills in store for you when "My Love Came Back" comes to town! But to be a little more coherent . . . "My Love Came Back" is about a young violinist (Olivia de Havilland), talented but poor, and the attentions showered upon her by a rich and somewhat designing philanthropist (Charles Winninger). Not that Charlie is the villain in the piece. He is, instead, a funny, wistful sort of individual who means well, even though the handsome young manager of his music company (Jeffrey) does consider both him and the entirely innocent Olivia quite perfidious for a while. Eddie Albert, leader of a swing band which ultimately upsets Olivia's devotion to classical music; Jane Wyman, his girl friend; Spring Byington and little Ann Gillis (Remember her in "Tom Sawyer"?), the new glamour girl mentioned above, all contrive to make this picture grand entertainment. The picture marks the American debut of Kurt Bernhardt, who does wonders with the rather slim story, turning it into a winning romantic comedy. Olivia de Havilland reveals a clever comedy touch, while this performance by Jeffrey Lynn will win him praise from the critics, applause from the audience. Some of the best work in the piece is done by S. Z. Sakall.

(Continued on page 82)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



"Spring Parade" starts off with a barefooted Deanna Durbin and a goat



Bette Davis and Director William Wyler find "The Letter" a wearing job of transcription

NEVER has the enchantment of stepping out of the hot California sunshine and pushing open those great heavy doors to enter the guarded precincts of the sound stages been quite so beguiling as it is this month.

All the world is sad and weary everywhere else we roam, even on the lots themselves. But safe inside the stage doors, where radios and newspapers and all war talk are forbidden, is a wonder world, a world still being made for happiness. It is Hollywood carrying on, even though twenty per cent of its trade is gone. It is a worried Hollywood, trying to economize on money, but never on the pleasure it has for sale. It is a gallant Hollywood and we love it.

First we go a-calling at Universal to see Deanna Durbin get her own goat—to market.

Deanna never before has had a costume picture or one with a foreign background. This one is called "Spring Parade"; the time is 1896 and the setting is old Vienna. Deanna is a pretty little peasant girl who falls in love. (Yep, Deanna really falls in love this time and not with a man old enough to be her father, as usual. This time it is capital L love and with Robert Cummings, thank you, playing a soldier-musician.) The Emperor gets involved, and singing and waltzes and fancy dress balls, and it all sounds very pleasure-making.

The scene we catch is Deanna climbing up a hill, singing with that glorious lilt that only she possesses and dragging her goat behind her. Deanna's wish is to have the goat follow her with all the meekness of the lamb that followed Mary, but the goat is an individualist and stubborn.

Between takes we get a chance to talk to Deanna. She is dressed in a peasant costume of green wool embroidered with gold and red and distended by dozens of ribbon-laced white muslin petticoats. Over her hair and shading her glowing face she has tied a peasant handkerchief and her sturdy feet and legs are bare.

We are very keen for this highly poised young woman—and never more so than on this summer day when she sits chatting between takes and tells us how she loves clothes and shoes. She likes simple clothes best and small close hats and she is a real goof about shoes—can't resist a new pair.

The second big Universal picture of the month is "When the Daltons Rode," an extremely super de luxe Western concerning a gang of bad boys, similar to the James boys whom Twentieth Century dotes on. The Universal epic is headed by Randolph Scott and Kay Francis, with such heavies as Brian Donlevy, George Bancroft, Andy Devine, Brod Crawford, Stu Erwin, Frankie Albertson and such scattered throughout and, bless Pat, if the whole mob of them isn't on the set when we enter.

There's a lot of rushing about to make the scene, with Kay Francis getting plenty pushed around in the crowd that gathers around Randy, who is stepping down from a horse and buggy. But it is all very good-natured and from the way those big strong men beam at Kay and she beams back, it is apparent how popular she is with them. The svelte Francis will sport no clothes worth talking about in this one, the

Happiness need not be born—it can be made

—for here's how Hollywood manufactures it

BY BARBARA HAYES



"The Great Profile" title role is John Barrymore's, of course, with Mary Beth Hughes as one of the gals



Typical of the short skirt Adrian predicts is his design for Lynne Carver (in "Dulcy")



Over on the "Victory" set, Freddie March's tall tales have Betty Field's big eyes getting bigger every minute

picture being in the shirtwaist and skirt period, but her hairdress strikes us as quaintly old-fashioned enough to be new-fashioned, it being very neatly pulled back, unparted, straight over the crown of her head, leaving her pretty ears exposed. On her lovely white forehead Kay wears short, flatly curled bangs and the ends of her hair are drawn back at the nape of her neck and hidden beneath a flat, small black bow. It's really effective and any girl with a longish bob could adapt it.

Nothing can keep the booming Warners from booming. This month they have four big pictures shooting, "The Man From Fleet Street," starring Edward G. Robinson; "The Letter," starring Warners' own Bernhardt, Bette Davis; "No Time For Comedy" and "City For Conquest" highlighted by Jimmy Cagney and Ann Sheridan, that nice girl who always greets all other women with the salutation, "Hello, pretty face."

We find nothing on the "Man From Fleet Street" set save some pigeons and Eddie Albert, who is much better looking off screen than on—quite a glamour boy, in fact, what with his flashing teeth and alert, intelligent blue eyes—and on "City For Conquest" (meaning New York) we discover only Jimmy Cagney, busily engaged in sneaking upstairs in a tenement, under the direction of Anatole Litvak. We merely stop to say "hello" to Jimmy, who says this is the best New York story he's ever read, it being chiefly concerned with two slum kids, a boy who becomes a prize fighter (that's Jimmy) and a girl who becomes a dancer (that's Annie) and what happens to them.

We decide to concentrate on Miss Davis and "The Letter" and arrive there—somewhere in the South Seas—just two split seconds after Bette has finished pumping her lover (David Newell) full of lead. This is, in fact, the very first scene of the picture and tough luck on Mr. Newell, who is a handsome dish, we say. All the rest of the picture is concerned with this act of Bette's. (You know how snoopy people are about murder.) Herbert Marshall is her good and unsuspecting husband.

Bette tells us that even though it is only the first day's shooting (of both the picture and Mr. Newell) the character is so intense that she is worn out. We must say she doesn't look it.

"No Time For Comedy," over on a neighboring stage, is distinctly our kind of picture, being funny, romantic, smartly dressed and full of agreeable people. Being shot-full of luck, we find a brace of them all present, Roz Russell, Genevieve (Jenny, to her friends) Tobin, the lanky Jimmy Stewart and fussy Charlie Ruggles. Jimmy is Roz' husband and Charlie Ruggles is Jenny's husband. The complications are that Jenny is busy vamping Jimmy, who is a playwright, away from Roz, who is an actress. She is doing it by the old, old technique of "being his inspiration" and Jimmy is falling for it hook, line and top hat until Roz comes in pitching.

In between takes, Roz and Genevieve come over and sit beside us, so that, delightedly, we get a close-up of their dresses and if you would like to know what two mortal enemies wear when they go to dinner with each other, here's the report. Roz wears a heavy white crepe floor-length, tubular-skirted, long-sleeved shirtwaist dress, a broad gold belt and a huge flower spray in crystal and gold ornamenting her open-throated blouse. Genevieve's dress is more typically feminine—a very full baby-blue tulle skirt and a short tight basque of blue-and-pink-and-gold striped heavy silk, with baby sleeves and, down the front, a double row of golden glass beads.

At Paramount we find debonaire Freddie March and Jerome Cowan cavorting around between takes on "Victory" and we meet Betty Field, so who's complaining?

Like "The Letter," "Victory" is laid somewhere in beachcomber land, but this is the story of a recluse who thought to find happiness by escaping his fellow men and who, landing in the midst of a lot of human drama, finds happiness through helping others. Freddie is the recluse, Cowan is a no-good and Betty Field is the girl.

Just for the record, we rise to remark that Freddie March is one of the suavest and most intelligent of actors and chatting to him is our idea of something to do on a hot summer afternoon (or on a cold wintry afternoon or even at night at sea, for that matter). Freddie asks if

(Continued on page 84)



Olivia de Havilland wasn't always popular, but nowadays—!



Carole Lombard has the enthusiastic approval of even Clark Gable's best friends

Femmes fatales

Who are the real pulse-accelerators out of all the Hollywood glamour girls off screen? Rate 'em and weep—for the only list more startling is the list of those who aren't!

IN Hollywood there aren't enough men to go round. Some of the girls who look as if they had everything—on the screen, we mean—dread the big football games and the movie premieres and every other event at which their pride necessitates their being seen. For they know, even though they buy the tickets, that they'll have the devil's own time getting a man to take them. Other girls—and not the girls you think—have no such problem. They know, whatever happens, they'll be there; that they'll be invited not once or twice but three or four times. They're Hollywood's *femmes fatales.*

Who are the girls you'd guess would have men trailing after them? Hedy Lamarr, Annie "Oomph" Sheridan, Lana Turner, Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour, Myrna "Perfect Wife" Loy and, possibly, Ginger "Redhead" Rogers? That would be the reasonable line-up, certainly, but of those girls only Hedy scores although Myrna really should take a bow for her top-ranking popularity with visiting firemen. It's impossible to persuade an American Legionnaire, a film salesman, an Elk, a banker, or any other convening gentleman to leave the M-G-M lot without seeing her.

But of all Hollywood's *femmes fatales,* we call your attention first to Vivien Leigh. If you lived in Hollywood this wouldn't be necessary. You'd be well aware of her—with reason!

It looks as if there'd be no limit to Vivien's conquests when—a little less enthralled by her Romeo, Laurence Olivier—she becomes aware that other men walk the earth, too. For those men who've managed to impress themselves on the Leigh consciousness, usually through working with her, are quick to admit her natural attraction.

"There's always something more you want to know about Vivien," one man told us. "She doesn't talk too much. She doesn't even talk much about 'Gone With the Wind.' And I needn't tell you how some of our local belles would drag a triumph half the size of that one into the conversation—even though you were trying to concentrate on Hindustan.

"Matter of fact," he went on, "plenty of girls around here lose out on a lot of fun for no reason except that they talk too much. They're easy on the eyes. They wear smart clothes. They're smooth dancers. They know what's what. But you can't be at ease around them. They make your head spin!"

Who said men don't know what they like. . . .

It seems pretty unnecessary to announce Carole Lombard's right up there with the girls who have a way. Didn't she marry Clark *Rhett Butler* Gable, who could have had practically any girl? And didn't he pay a handsome price for his freedom, Ladies and Gentlemen, so this could be?

Carole likes men as much as they like her—which always helps. She's happiest when a crowd of men drop over to the ranch for the evening or when she's off with Clark and his friends on a rough and tough hunting or fishing expedition.

Which proves that Carole stands on her own feet and doesn't cling. It wouldn't be in the Gable make-up to have a woman around, irrespective of how much he might think of her, if she groused about the weight of her gun, even if it was heavy . . . screamed when she landed a trout, even if it was a beauty . . . or grew pale when she picked up a quail, even if its feathers were red.

An old pal of Clark's declares—whether Clark is or isn't around—that he'd die for Carole, that there's never been anyone like her. "You might say," he says, "that she talks more and louder than a woman should. (Talk rears its noisy head again!) But it's all right when she does, because she doesn't talk about herself and she doesn't talk in one vein! She remembers who played right tackle on the U.S.C.L.A. team in 1937. And she can tell you exactly how the new station wagons that go over the side of a hill like tanks operate.

"She's like a Scotch and soda after a hard day. She relaxes you. And she stimulates you. She reminds you there's fun in the world even

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"Difficult"—but devastating—Maggie Sullavan



The strong, silent type of little woman: Vivien Leigh

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

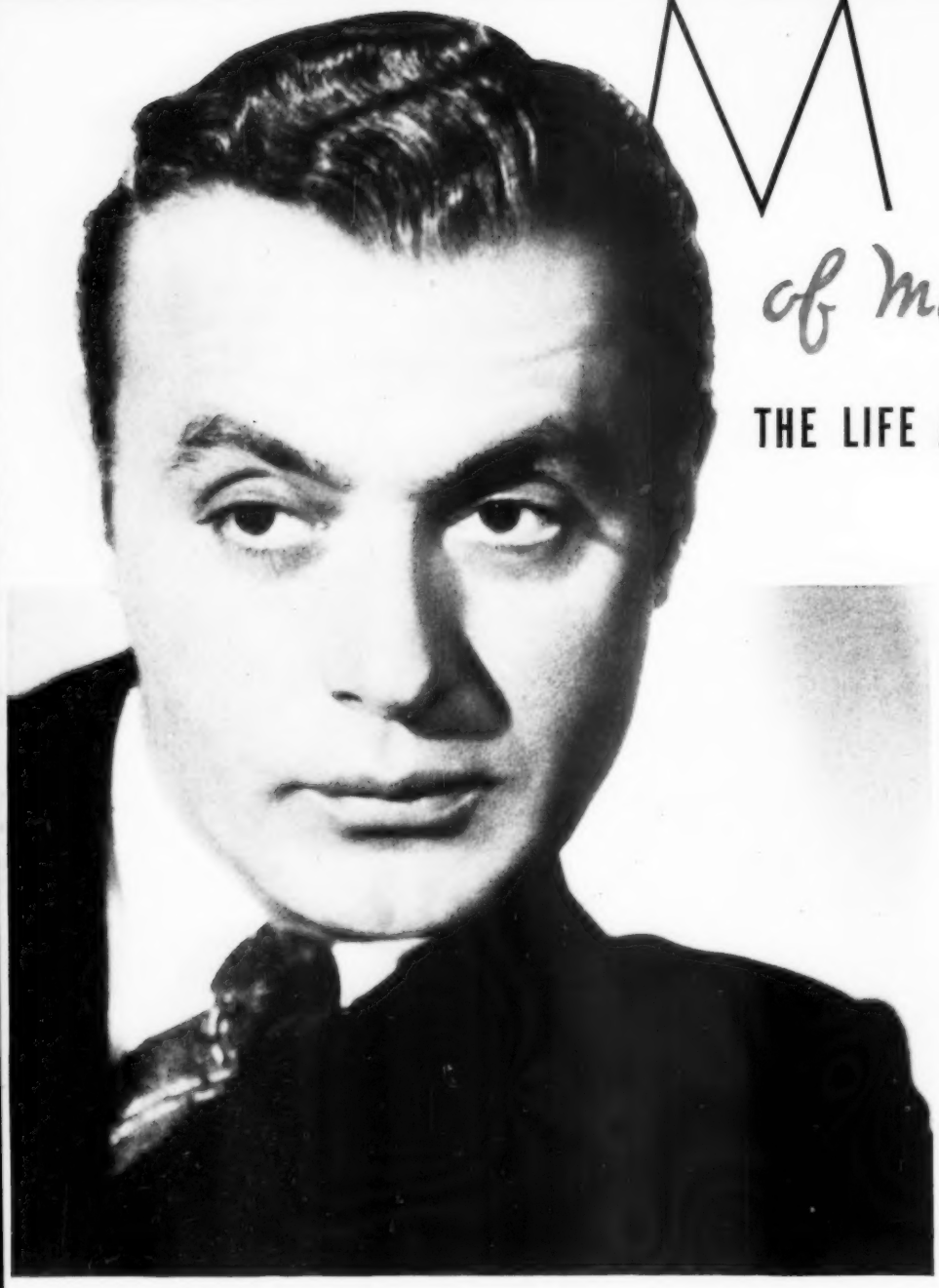


Hedy Lamarr is one of the few who score as high off screen as on, but for unexpectedly different reasons

MAN

of Many Moments

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES BOYER





Slip-up: Boyer plays Harlow's chauffeur in "Red-headed Woman"



Success: As the Duc with Davis in "All This and Heaven Too"



Personal triumph — as the man Pat Paterson married

Charles Boyer had many ideas about marriage. It took a straightforward girl to show him which one to choose

BY HOWARD SHARPE

ON a particular late evening in 1930 Charles Boyer started, as usual, for the theater. There was nothing different about the climate; it had been raining for two weeks, off and on. There was nothing different about the car he was driving; it was the same Hispano Suiza he had bought seven months ago.

But as he drove a change took place, as startling as if the Hispano Suiza had suddenly become a camel. That portion of Boyer's consciousness having to do with awareness-of-self quite suddenly stepped up and went sailing along above his head. And looking down, he could see the man who was France's foremost actor, Henri Bernstein's star, Charles Boyer the much beloved of Paris, driving a powerful two-seater along the Champs Élysées on his way to the two-hundred-eighty-ninth performance of "Melo," which he had made the season's greatest hit.

Curiously, even in a contemplative manner, Charles observed this gentleman beneath him, who bore his likeness, his name, wore his clothes, was digesting his recent dinner.

What went on with this Boyer person? Why those shadowed things under his eyes, those harsh lines at his mouth, that incredibly tired expression about the tilt of his head? And that mind! The fatigue pattern in it. . . .

Charles, floating along up there, was profoundly shocked. This man, driving automatically down there, was old. He was only thirty, but he was old and exhausted and somehow inert, running on the ash of burnt fuel. Charles glanced into the Boyer person's memory. Well, no wonder. Look at those last six or seven years—no rest, there; no quiet, no abiding happiness, no clarity. There had been none since his calm childhood in provincial Figeac, none, really, since that day, his Sorbonne license in his hand, he had said quietly to his mother, "I still want to be an actor," and had thereupon gotten himself enrolled in the Conservatoire du Drame. A chance at fame—could M. Boyer memorize a role completely in twelve hours? And M. Boyer could and did; which brought Henri Bernstein, the great Paris dramatist, to him. It had been a memorable moment, the signing of that Bernstein contract. It had meant Boyer's triumph—and Boyer's defeat. For Bernstein was a hard taskmaster; to him an actor's time, an actor's personal life were the dramatist's property. For Boyer there had been only one escape—the gaming tables. There it was that he could forget his personal slavery and thus it was he had become the man he was today—restless, unhappy, going hypnotically from casino to casino . . . what could the man have been thinking of, living like that?

Only violence in some form can make a man dig himself up by the roots, change his entire life at thirty—violence like war, or an earthquake . . . Charles' nervous breakdown was another kind of violence, no less virulent; the choice was made for him.

Among the many offers sent to Charles Boyer that year, as they were sent each year, was a world tour. At the time of its presentation he had shrugged it aside. Now, his contract with Bernstein finished, he accepted it.

(Continued on page 80)

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY
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JOAN BENNETT

WALTER WANGER STAR



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Wear my grit-free powder . . . in your *most becoming* shade! Mail me the coupon and I will send you *all ten* of my lovely shades. Try each one *on your own skin*—and find the one shade that's *luckiest for you!*

PLEASE ACCEPT MY

★ 10 shades free! ★

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

A Garland for Judy

(Continued from page 33)

bought the act.

Next morning, discouraged, hurt and disappointed they were packing their bags for the long trip home when the telephone rang. It was a gentleman who had seen the act backstage at the Belmont but who hadn't told them, until now, that he was none other than the drummer at the Oriental!

Now he was calling to say that an act which had been sour in the morning rehearsal had just been fired. If they could get there fast enough, the manager would hear them sing . . . .

That afternoon the trio faced the Oriental audience and took it hook, line and sinker! That night they stayed awake fairly all night long to dream about morning, for their name was to be in lights! They went downtown very early to see it. Sure enough there it was. No mistake about it . . . no mistake, excepting that what the lights spelled was . . . "The Glum Sisters."

Mr. George Jessel was the week's m.c.

"That's bad," he said to Mrs. Gumm. "These girls are going places. They'll be called the Dumb sisters and the Bum sisters and the Rum sisters and you better pick a new name right now." He looked up from his morning paper. "Now here's the columnist Robert Garland," he said. "What's the matter with that for a name?"

There was nothing the matter with it at all. The girls loved it. And so the Gumms became the Garlands . . . just like that.

"Well, if we're fixing our names over," said Mary Jane, "why don't we fix our first ones too? Why can't I be Suzanne?"

"And I could be Jinny," said the middle-sized Miss Gumm.

"And I could be Judy," put in Francis.

So lights which that morning had spelled "The Glum Sisters," that afternoon spelled "The Three Garlands," who were no longer Francis, Virginia and Mary Jane, but Judy, Jinny and Suzanne.

THE girls worked the next week in Detroit, then in Indianapolis, then in Kansas City. And everybody loved them. And now, their talent proven, their mother wanted to go home to Dad and California. Surely *now* the girls would find engagements there.

So back home they went. And they *did* find engagements.

"I don't know anything about numerology," Mrs. Gumm says, in telling the story, "but after we changed their names they never stopped."

The following summer brought them a season's contract at Lake Tahoe. Judy, who was now thirteen, was the star of the troupe, her singing voice poignant and unforgettable.

The season closed. The last day came. The Garlands piled everything into their car and started home. Then discovered that Jinny had left her hatbox. Of course it was little sister Judy who went back. The Lodge was deserted excepting for the manager and a young composer who had dropped in to telephone. A third gentleman was there too, an agent. In the huge empty room the voices of the three echoed across the open grand piano, the composer running his fingers over the keys.

Judy trudged across the porch, her arms encircling a scarlet hatbox.

"Now there's a kid you ought to get hold of," remarked the manager to the agent. "She can sing and I don't mean maybe."

He called her in and asked her to do a number. She was very willing but didn't see how she could do it since Mother was out in the car and couldn't play for her.

"Maybe I'll do," offered the composer. "Maybe you can sing a number *I* know."

"My favorite is 'Dinah,'" said Judy. "Would that be all right?"

"Quite all right," said the man at the piano, and the accompaniment he gave her was supercolossal!

Though Judy didn't know it until weeks later, he was Mr. Harry Axt, "Dinah" his own hit song.

The agent went along with Judy to speak to her mother; wanted to know why a little singer like this wasn't in pictures.

"I've never thought she was pretty enough," said Judy's mother frankly.

"Well you never can tell," remarked the agent. "Better come in and see me in Los Angeles tomorrow."

But the Garlands didn't go. Somehow they hadn't too much confidence in agents.

Three days later Mrs. Gumm, returning home late in the afternoon from shopping, found Judy in rumpled gray slacks, a dirt-smudged face, a gingham shirt with the tail outside, in which make-up she was energetically raking the lawn.

Her mother asked about supper . . . had there been any phone calls . . . and how was Daddy feeling.

"He's feeling pretty happy," grinned Judy. "He took me out to M-G-M today. The agent came after us."

"You didn't go looking like *this!*" interrupted Mrs. Gumm.

"Yes, Mother," said Judy, "and I got a contract for seven years."

(The only contract ever given on the M-G-M lot with neither screen nor sound tests.)

That was October. In November Frank Gumm died, taking with him the joy of remembering that he and his little namesake had together taken the first step toward what was certain to be a real career.

AN M-G-M contract. But even now, success was a weary day away. There were months of waiting, of doubt and concern. After a long while she was given a small picture role. Then a part of a little more importance . . . the sincerity, the genius of her work were unmistakable. And at last "The Wizard of Oz," one of the most expensive Hollywood pictures ever made, was bought and planned as a vehicle in which to present her as a star!

Judy Garland had arrived!

* * *

She works harder than most eighteen-year-olds; has to go to bed early to be fresh for work and on the lot for make-up at six a. m., but Judy is so happy she can't believe it. She is keen about working with Mickey Rooney. They know each other so well, she explains, that each of them always knows exactly what the other is going to do.

"Last year was wonderful," she said. "This one will be even better because I'm older. It's grand to be getting older," she said with real feeling.

The family is still together . . . or very *near* together. Jinny, married to Bandleader Bob Sherwood is his singer, and the mother of two-year-old Judith Gail. Suzanne, turning out to be the domestic member of the family, designs the family clothes, sews, gardens, knits . . . and loves it. The trio of sisters is still devoted and still quite likely to go into a song and dance when you least expect it.

But best of all Judy, now deluged with success, still finds her thrills in just simple, pleasant things. As we visited, the maid brought long tall glasses of orange juice with bright napkins and straws. There is plenty of orange juice in California. Judy is constantly showered with attentions. But this little unsolicited thoughtfulness brought spontaneous appreciation into her eyes.

"*Oh* boy," she said. "*Thanks*, Leola."

It was nearly four. She had a radio rehearsal at four-thirty. Presently she excused herself, planted a green beret on her auburn hair, and bade us goodby.

"Mama," she said, "could I have some money?"

"Take two dollars out of my purse," her mother said. "That will be all you'll need the rest of the week."

"Okay, Mom," said the third little Gumm girl, planting a kiss on her mother's chin.

Striding down 1940 she is definitely a star. It has cost her work, hope, discouragement, effort and determination. It isn't easy to keep on trying to convince the world you have talent when nobody really cares whether you have or not. And then, if you break the barrier . . . if, at sixteen, you know the thrill of your name in lights the world around, at seventeen your arrival in New York brings out police to referee your fans, at eighteen your days are a succession of photographs, interviews and press raves . . . it takes plenty of balance not to feel called upon to change the angle of your nose or the height of your bonnet.

And so for Judy who stuck to the ship till the tide came in, worked hard enough to tuck under her arm an Academy award for last year's best juvenile performance, and with it all is still just a natural likeable kid . . . for the third little Gumm girl of Minnesota and Hollywood, we recommend, but definitely, orchids.



The heroine of "A Garland for Judy" at a Cocoanut Grove dinner with the chap she's so keen about working with—Mickey Rooney

Insure Your Wardrobe

(Continued from page 25)

principles of putting one on. They pull the brim at the sides or off-center. To save the shape of the crown and to prevent pulling of the brim, every hat should be grasped front and back, directly center, and pulled gently onto the head.

Shoes should always be brushed or shined before being returned to a closet. Incidentally, if shoe trees are not available (or if they seem to be pulling a particular pair out of shape), tissue paper stuffed in the toes will also serve the purpose.

My guide said: "Keep circular skirts, jersey dresses, or beaded garments in drawers between tissues instead of on hangers. This prevents their getting out of shape. For instance, Myrna Loy's jersey street dress in 'I Love You Again' had to have the hemline evened after each cleaning, even though the precaution of keeping it in a drawer was observed."

EVERY woman's wardrobe should be gone through systematically at least twice monthly and each garment examined for such items as missing buttons, split seams, a hemline that needs raising or lowering. Shoes should be checked, particularly as to heel.

Every dress should be provided with slip tabs in the shoulders. They keep the shoulder straps of undergarments from slipping and thus prevent strain and wear and tear.

While we're on the subject of street and evening clothes, here are some more studio wardrobe secrets:

Use velvet pads to rub off lint on velvet dresses or any dark dress . . . .

The wrinkles in chiffon velvet may be removed simply and at home by hanging the gown over the bathtub and running steaming water . . . .

For fragile dresses of mousseline de soie or organdy that go limp, resuscitation can be effected through a sugar and water solution, after which the frocks should be hung in the sun. Back they come, fresh and crisp. Tulle and net can be freshened in this same way. Here's the procedure: Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar to one pint of water and spray the mixture onto the gown, either with a perfume atomizer or a fly spray (the latter, of course, to be used only for this purpose!). Press with a warm iron while damp.

Sweaters should never be hung on hangers, but folded in tissue and kept in drawers. Woolen sweaters may be washed in warm suds at home, rinsed thoroughly and placed on a bath towel to dry. They should be stretched while still wet to the proper proportion in shoulder breadth, sleeve length and all measurements.

Every woman should wear a properly fitted girdle when trying a gown. No studio designer will fit a star with a garment unless she is so prepared.

Sachet bags are a much neglected nicety and should be placed among handkerchiefs and lingerie for the sense of cleanliness and pleasure they provide.

For longer life and greater cleanliness, handkerchiefs (when not colored) should be boiled in sudsy water, but the soap should be mild.

In the matter of lingerie, all silk and satin underwear should be washed in warm water, made sudsy with mild soap, but the bar of soap should never be used directly on the material. The pieces should be rubbed very gently in the soapy water, rinsed thoroughly—first in warm water, then in cold—and hung indoors to dry. They never should be hung in the sun.

Stockings are always a problem, but the surest way to avoid snags and subsequent runs is to take them off inside out. They should be put on the same way, starting with the toe and easing the stockings gently up the leg, which allows for straight seams and does away with the dangerous, quick pulling-on that ruins many a pair. Incidentally, many a woman is unconsciously wearing stockings a half-size too small for her, which naturally means quick wear in the foot and the danger of earlier runs in the leg.

Hose should be laundered after each wearing, which promotes longer life, as well as necessary cleanliness. They should not be washed with soap, but rinsed thoroughly three or four times in warm water, and then in cold. They, too, should be hung indoors to dry.

As to the matter of bureau drawers, orderliness is again a factor in forestalling wear and tear. Let there be separate compartments for each item of apparel and the result will be longer life for each.

Bathing suits come in for their share of attention, too. No suit—after being in either salt water or a pool—should be left to dry without a thorough rinsing, preferably in warm water first, followed by cold.

The studios have still another trick which is more than intriguing. You and I have wondered how stars appear in scenes with satin-smooth dresses and never a wrinkle to show, although we realize they must have had these dresses on hour after hour under hot studio lights. The secret is this: The wardrobes have a miniature ironing board which slides easily up under the front or back of the dress. By using a piece of muslin (to prevent resultant shine) and a steam iron, the annoying wrinkles are made to disappear in the twinkle of an eye.

A little miniature board should do the same for you when you have that new frock on for an important date, only to discover before you are out of the house that you have wrinkled it in sitting. One's roommate or mother can always negotiate the back; the front is a cinch for you to do alone without having to remove the dress.

IT goes without saying that every bit of closet space should be kept meticulously free of dust. Floor, walls and ceiling should be systematically cleaned. In line with this premise, don't keep old, worn-out garments, through a mistaken sense of economy or sentiment, in wardrobes with your good, up-to-the-minute clothes. They are dust gatherers, moth-attracters and a general nuisance.

Take a hint from the studio wardrobes which, with their thousands of dresses, coats and suits to look over, weed them out day by day and send them to the "character wardrobe," where they are remade to be used in costume pictures or by extras. After a minimum length of service there, they are turned forth to meet a new life with some charitable organization.

Actually, of course, if a frock isn't worth remaking and dyeing, it isn't even worth keeping in the closet.

Conversely, if it is worth saving—and if your newest ensemble was worth buying—they deserve the best care you can give them.

So—why not insure them the Hollywood way?



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I Want A Divorce

(Continued from page 29)

looked flushed and angry.

"David went home," she said. "He got sore. You'd think I'd know. Men! They're—they're savages, at heart."

Moonlight lay golden on the water as they sped homeward in the taxi-launch. Wanda sat white-faced and still. Suddenly she turned and hid her face on Mac's shoulder. She was crying.

Jerry stared at the moonlight. Her heart felt cold and tired. Maybe Wanda was right. Marriage was an awful gamble. You took your life in your hands. But what could you do when you were in love? You could stay away from it, use your head. I won't go fishing with him, she thought furiously. I won't ever see him again. I won't let myself get all messed up with love and marriage and divorce.

Over Wanda's bent head, Mac said, "How's for Friday—that's a good day for fish."

"I'm not going fishing," Jerry said crossly.

"You said you would."

"Well, I won't. I'm too busy. I haven't time to go traipsing around on fishing boats with people."

"Hey," said Mac, "who did what to you? You will too go fishing."

"I won't," Jerry said furiously.

So on Friday she went fishing.

Jerry had never seen a fish until after it was cooked, but she sat, wrapped in her oldest coat, beween Mac and Jeff at the rail of the old boat and was happier than she had ever been in her whole life.

Conversation was spasmodic and desultory.

Jeff said, "Fish are restful. You can trust a fish. Women—you can't trust women."

"You can too," Jerry said.

"Not any you'd bother to marry," Jeff said. "I wish I knew a good lawyer. My wife wants that divorce, but I don't trust lawyers. You think you got a simple little speeding ticket and the first thing you know they're putting the black cap on you."

Jerry found it tactful to say, "Mac's going to be a lawyer."

"You know about divorces?" Jeff wanted to know. "They got me bothered. I told her, I says, you wait until I get me a lawyer I can trust to leave me one pair of shoes to walk home in and you get a divorce. Not until."

"I'm not going to take divorce cases," Mac said. "I wouldn't be a divorce lawyer for anything. Besides, I've got to pass my bar exams first and if you think that's a pipe, you're crazy."

"I bet I could help you," Jerry said. "Why don't you bring your books up some night and we'll study—I can cue you. I majored in English Lit and I'm not so bad."

"You got something there," Mac said.

He liked her. She knew that. But a hoodoo hung over them, a jinx rode Jerry. Try as she would she couldn't seem to be glamorous. Something always went wrong.

Fishing wasn't glamorous, with your nose getting sunburned and your hair blowing and when it got rough, a little green-around-the-gills t i n g i n g your complexion—and what did you end up with, a big smelly fish.

NOR, as it turned out, could glamour be achieved when helping Mac get ready for his bar exams. She had thought it might be. A sort of lady with a lamp, inspiration and Madame Recamier touch. Far otherwise.

The first night Mac came she put on her best negligee and arranged the lights Wanda's way and put perfume behind her ears and turned the radio on to Guy Lombardo.

But when Mac came in, loaded with law books, and enormous notebooks and a brief case full of loose papers, he promptly turned up the lights and turned off the radio. The negligee escaped him. He was a different young man from the gay companion of boats.

He said tensely, "You see, I've got to pass these. I've got to. Dad's business—what there is left of it—won't stretch to me any more. If I don't pass, I'll have to give it up for good and maybe I can get me a job driving a truck or dealing blackjack. I've got to pass."

Jerry said, "You will."

They went at it hot and heavy. She cued him and checked him on his lists—they had long words that weren't familiar but she concentrated and, of course, when she concentrated she shoved back her hair and forgot about being like Wanda.

IT was something that Wanda said, something about wasting her time on penniless law students that sent Jerry posthaste the next day out to the country to see Grandma B. She didn't exactly know why, but she thought it would make her feel better inside.

Grandpa was on the porch in the rocking chair. "Your Grandma's down irrigating," he told her.

Jerry found her old rubber boots and an old pair of overalls and went out to find Grandma. There was something immediately comforting in the sight of the square, sturdy figure in matching boots and an old sunbonnet. Something permanent and courageous about the way she attacked the earth and the water and growing things. Jerry and she worked for a while in silence. The tension in Jerry's body began to lessen as she moved, the hot sun on her body, the smell of wet earth in her nostrils. It was easier to talk than she had dreamed it could be.

"How long did you know Grandpa before you were married to him?" she asked.

Grandma B. gave her a shrewd look from her rakish sunbonnet. "Knew him most all my life," she said. "We was raised up together, you might say. But," she smiled grimly, "but I never noticed him much, if that's what you mean, until just before he asked me."

"I've met a man—" said Jerry, and stopped, her throat feeling hot and dry.

"It's about time," said Grandma B. "Myself, I'm all for young marriages, younger the better, once you're full-growed. A sapling'll bend a lot easier than a tree and there's a heap of bending to do in marriage."

"He's—pretty swell," Jerry said, "but—I don't think he cares anything about me. He hasn't any money, either, and he hasn't passed his bar exams yet and—he used to be in love with Wanda."

Grandma spaded in silence, opened the ditch, the water boiled down into it, turning yellow brown as it ran. "You're wuth a dozen of her," she said. "She's a nice girl and she's all right for looks, like her ma. But she's a lightweight. Maybe he was just infatuated with her."

"Would you marry a man if you loved him a lot and could get him even if you knew you were second choice?" Jerry asked.

Grandma chuckled. "Second choice is better'n no choice, my girl," she said. "Girl might be second choice to start with and finish up being first. Your grandpa, when he used to race trotting hosses, always said what happened in the stretch counted most and they pay off on the finish line."

It was then that they were interrupted. It was Mac, disheveled and hot, dusty and distraught. He hadn't shaved and his hair was stranger to a comb. His collar was wilted. His eyes were, actually, wild.

He shouted, "What'd you go off like that for and not tell me where you were going? Fine thing. I got lost—in this heat—"

Jerry said, "This is my grandma, Mac," and Mac shook hands with Grandma without looking at her. She regarded him sternly, her old eyes keen, peeling off the outside things which she knew didn't matter.

Mac said, "Here it is with the bar exams tomorrow and you—you go off and just when I need you most. I never heard of such an un—unconsiderate woman in my whole life."

Grandma laid down the shovel. "I'll go on up to the house," she said. "Grandpa's probably needing something or other by now. I'll be pleased to have you stay for supper, young man."

Mac said, "Thank you," absently, and then, as she vanished, "Jerry—it's awful. I can't remember one thing. I tried today and I can't remember one thing. I can't even remember the Code. It's all gone. Seven years working like a slave—going without everything—trying like a fool the whole time—and now the time's come and—I'm sunk."

"You're not either," said Jerry. "You're nuts. Everybody feels like that before examinations. I always thought I was going to die myself."

"But I can't remember *anything*," Mac said wildly. "How can you answer any questions when you don't remember one single thing?"

"You'll remember when you get in there," Jerry said. "It's like stage fright."

"No," said Mac, "I won't. I thought I'd sail through. I won't. I'll flunk the whole silly business and make a jackass out of myself and then I can't be a lawyer and there aren't any jobs and how the devil can we get married if I don't pass the bar exams?"

Jerry put her hand against a tree trunk to keep from falling. Here she was again, in rubber boots and overalls and with mud smudges on her face, and—he had proposed to her.

"What did you say?" she said.

Mac glared at her. "You don't seem to care," he said. "Anybody would think it was no concern of yours—you act as heartless as a stone image. Here I am losing my mind and my memory's gone and I don't know torts from contracts and there you *stand*, cool as a cucumber—how *can* we get married if I don't pass?"

"But—I can't marry you, Mac."

That stopped him. He stared at her furiously, whitely, forlornly.

"You mean to say," he shouted, "that you've been encouraging me—and sitting up nights helping me and even going to sleep in the same room with me—and pretending you cared whether I passed or not—and all the time you didn't love me?"

"It's not whether I love you," Jerry said steadily. "It's you not loving me that counts."

"I told you I'd gone crazy," he said, "I told you. Do you think I'd let any girl I didn't love—do you think I'd talk to her and tell her all about how I feel inside of me and everything if I—"

"But you never said it."

"Said it? I said it a thousand times—" he stopped and came over and took her hands. "You've got the dirtiest face and I love it and I love you and if you don't marry me I'll—I'll jump in that ditch and drown myself."

"I'm not the kind of a wife you want," Jerry said. "I'm not a bit like your ideal—I'm just me—I'm not very good-looking—"

"You're going to start telling me what kind of a wife I want?" Mac said. "I want you—oh, Jerry, don't. I can't stand it. I need you so much—"

She put her face up then for his kiss.

PERHAPS it was the memory of that kiss that gave Jerry the courage to face Wanda's displeasure. More than displeasure. It was a definite and violent disapproval.

"Marriage," Wanda said, "is tough enough. But what you want to throw yourself away on a nobody like Mac for is beyond me."

"He's somebody to me," Jerry said.

"He hasn't even a profession yet," Wanda said. "Have you got any idea how many starving young lawyers there are around these days? Look, youngster, the world's not a pretty little garden for you to play house in and that love in a cottage business—there's only one way to make it work. You've got to use your head."

There was a good deal more. Some of it was bitter. Above all, Wanda said that Jerry was too young. How could a girl at twenty-two know what she wanted?

"But I want to marry Mac," said Jerry. "And he'll pass the bar exams and then we'll be all right."

Thus the bar exams became the one great thing in life. The one thing of real importance. If Mac passed, they could get married right away. They wouldn't, of course, have much money, but Mac would have a position with Hymer and Brandon. Brandon was the lawyer who had handled Wanda's divorce. He was a brilliant young man, always getting his name in the papers. He and Mac had been at college together, but Brandy had been able to go straight ahead with his law course, while Mac worked nights and summers in his father's store. Brandon had dough of his own, he was handsome and wore his clothes like a movie star and had the same flair for publicity, and he had consequently revived the ancient Hymer firm and done amazingly well. He wasn't a worker and his reputation wasn't spotless. There were plenty of

(Continued on page 78)



June Duprez cools off between final Technicolor takes for "The Thief of Bagdad"—in Arizona



Hedy Lamarr

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"BOOM TOWN"



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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
SKIN Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	
	AGE	

(Continued from page 76)

stories around the clubs about Brandon. But he was the most promising and spectacular young lawyer in Los Angeles just the same.

THEN, long awaited, the examinations were upon them.

No more horsing around. No more studying. No more kidding. Even six months ago Mac had thought they meant everything to him, because all his ambitions and dreams were in them. Now—there was Jerry, too. She was the rounding out of the picture, the supreme answer, the girl to work for and with, to make life rich with love and sweet with humor and vital with ambition.

As he walked in the wide doors of the room on the tenth floor of the old courthouse, it seemed to him that everything in life was now within his grasp. He felt almost awed by it, by Jerry's last kiss, by his own vast happiness. He was spick and span, too, as became the next great ornament of the bar. His suit had been carefully chosen and his father had selected a new shirt and a tie that was bright, yet dignified. He had shaved meticulously and brushed his hair until every lock lay smooth and his shoes had been polished until you could see your face in them.

His manner was casual and assured and if he was shaking inwardly nobody could spot it.

There were two hundred other men in the room. Old and young, well-dressed and shabby, black and white. Every size and color from the thin little Mexican in the corner to the tall, blond football star in the front row.

Two hours for the first examination. Mac ran over the questions hurriedly, flipping the pages between quick, nervous fingers.

The hours went by, the days went by. The tension grew. Sweat broke out on Mac's forehead. His hair stood on end. Sometimes his mind refused to work—at other times his pen raced furiously. The clock ticked on. The sheets dropped away and were discarded. This was a matter of life and death for all of them. The funny little guy in the next seat with the thick glasses squirmed and wiggled and moaned to himself. The placid fat young man across the aisle seemed about to break into tears at any minute. Nobody was spruce now. Everybody had forgotten to shave on the second day and by the third they were wrecks.

So they had to take the oral examination then. Oh sure. . . .

FINALLY, it was over—all over. He had done his best. He was completely sure that he had failed. The questions had been beyond him. He couldn't remember how he had answered any of them, but he was sure they had been wrong.

He had promised to go to Jerry at once. But he felt sunk. He wanted, just for a few minutes, to get completely away from everyone and everything and particularly he didn't want any living human being to mention law or bar examinations. He only wanted to forget. Moreover, he wanted a drink.

Alone, he slipped into the old bar on the corner back of the courthouse. He was not to be alone long. All the other men who had taken the examinations had been bitten by the same idea. When he looked up from his glass there was the little guy with the glasses and the placid fat guy and the one who squirmed and wriggled and they were all talking about the questions and nobody knew any of the answers.

They had a drink—they had several drinks—they began to remember all the answers, not only to the questions in the exam but to almost everything.

It was a little unfortunate for Jerry that this happened to be one of Wanda's rare nights at home. A restless Wanda, who switched the radio on and off, strolled about and glanced sideways at the telephone, did half a crossword puzzle and threw it away, and finally said to Jerry, "For goodness sake take your nose out of that book and play some Russian bank with me."

Jerry set up the card table reluctantly. She wanted to keep her mind occupied and she didn't want to talk to Wanda just now. But Wanda never seemed to read a book anymore and she had to be doing something.

"Where's your boy friend?" Wanda said. "I thought he was due here right after the big event."

JERRY dealt cards carefully. "Well—I suppose maybe there were things to do afterwards."

"I wouldn't be surprised. And I suppose you'll just sit here and wait until His Royal Highness makes up his mind to come after you. I used to do that, too."

"It's not like that, Wanda. It's been pretty tough the last few days. A big strain. I just want to help him get by, that's all."

"Suppose he does pass?" Wanda played a black queen on a red king. "Then what? Oh Jerry, have some sense. If you're going to marry him, and I can see nothing will stop you, look a few facts in the face. You've seen enough of life by now to know what it's all about. My life—other women's lives. Divorces don't happen in courtrooms, they happen long before that. David fell out of love with me right after Davey was born, when I looked liked an old hag and couldn't go anywhere with him. I learned my lesson then. But it wasn't ever the same, you can't forgive a man for things like that. In the end, when he wanted me because I was all right again, I didn't care any more."

"But he was always so crazy about Davey, right from the beginning," Jerry said.

"Maybe he was crazy about Davey right then, but he forgot about Davey's mama, all right."

"When's Davey coming home?"

"I don't know," Wanda said. "Dave's mother wants him to stay a while longer and he's crazy about the beach. It's better for him there. Don't try to change the subject, either. You're no beauty, to begin with. But if you want him so bad and want to hold him, don't start by spoiling him to death. Demand things—keep yourself looking well—don't go without clothes to save money that he'll spend on some other woman before you're through. I did all those stupid things once and it didn't work."

Jerry said, "I guess you're right."

"And," said Wanda, "when he does show up tonight—if he does—don't let him get away with standing you up!"

"I won't," said Jerry seriously.

But, in the end, she did.

For it didn't seem at all difficult to understand Mac, how tired he had been, how nervous and exhausted, and how he and the others had got to yarning and trying to remember the questions.

So she forgave him.

The dreadful suspense of waiting to hear the results. Of watching the mailbox. Weeks stretching into months. Then one day it came. Mac had made it—he had passed. Not too high, but he had passed. He was a lawyer now. It only remained to take the oath, which he did very solemnly, feeling it, meaning it, his oath to uphold the Constitution and to follow the highest ethics and ideals of his profession.

The wedding was simple. It was all over very quickly, it seemed to Jerry, who was radiantly happy—until she looked at Jeff, who wanted a divorce, and at Wanda, who had one. "Could that ever happen to us?" she wondered.

The first year was like so many other first years. There was in it a tremendous, deep happiness, afire with the faith of youth. There was in it all the excitement of facing life together. Nothing mattered very much, really, because they were so much, so very much in love. Love made everything all right, love smoothed every day and night, every act and thought.

They had a very tiny apartment and they had wedding presents enough to furnish it and Jerry had her trousseau, which Wanda had given her. Not a very big one, but a very smart one.

She got up early and they had breakfast and Mac went rushing away to the office. He was always a little hurried, a little nervous, in those days. When he kissed her good-by he'd say, "Hope I do all right by the clients today—if there are any clients." The feeling of responsibility rested heavily upon his young shoulders. Suppose he made a mistake. Suppose he made a mistake and it cost his client his life or his liberty or his property. Of course, as yet the cases were pretty small ones. Mostly Brandon had him filing briefs and running errands. It was, in some ways, a bit of a letdown after the drama of the bar exams. But every morning



That's not a corsage—that's a tiny kitten Ona Munson shoulders, on the set of Republic's "Wagons Westward"

there was always the thought that today might be the day—today Brandon might let him take over a cross-examination, or turn a real case over to him.

Actually, there were only two real difficulties in that first year or so. Lack of money—and, for Jerry, lack of something to do with her time.

After Mac went to work it never took her more than an hour or so to do her small housework. An hour after his final kiss and she was free, the little place shone, she had made preparations for dinner. Then she went marketing in the brilliant open stalls, bought as cheaply as she could, bargained a little. Some days there were bits of mending and a little washing—they never occupied more than another hour or two.

Then she was free. Free for what?

To read, to go to a movie if she had money enough, to take the car—they had kept her roadster—and drive somewhere. But where? She had been, such a short time ago, a very busy young woman, studying, going to classes, taking part in all the activities of college life. A hard worker. Now she was married and her whole interest was in Mac, and Mac was gone all day.

She decided to learn a lot about cooking. But epicurean dishes were apt to be expensive and besides, with the best will in the world, you couldn't spend more than an hour and a half getting a meal.

There were the shops, but she had never been a shopper and it wasn't much fun when you didn't have any money to spend.

Reading saved her life, but you couldn't read all the time.

Sometimes Jerry wandered around her small domain and was a little amazed at what Grandma B. called the gadgets. An electric toaster, an electric iron, an electric cooker, an electric refrigerator for desserts, a vacuum cleaner that almost did the housework by itself. Even the bread came already sliced and all the things you bought were so perfect that they didn't need anything done to them.

Modern miracles.

But it didn't leave Jerry MacNally much to do and time hung heavily on her strong young hands.

WANDA had an apartment now. She had given up the house when Jerry married.

"But don't you want to keep it for Davey?" Jerry said. "An apartment isn't much of a place for a kid."

"Davey's in school," Wanda said. "He's crazy about his school. He only comes home week ends and half the time his father has things planned for him. I don't know much about the things six-year-old boys like to do, you know."

The apartment didn't seem much different from the house—it was smart and shining and white and there was always a gang there, too. Sometimes Jerry went over in the afternoon to play bridge, but she always felt a little guilty as though she ought to find something more worth while to do with her time. Her bridge wasn't nearly so good as the other women's and she didn't feel any impulse to learn to play better. It was just hard, she guessed, to get settled down.

She would have liked to go to court when Mac was helping Brandon on a case, but somehow he didn't seem to want her there.

"I'm just getting started," he said. "You wait until I'm up in the big league and then you can come and sit in the front row and get your picture taken as the snappy wife of the brilliant counsel for the defense."

So she didn't go. That's why she didn't know how pitifully small his opportunities had been for more months than he liked to remember. That's why, in spite of all her careful household economies, she had no idea how precarious their position was, even months after they were married.

She was only vaguely dissatisfied. True, she worried a great deal. But she wasn't frightened. Not until that day when, suddenly faced with their desperate need, she came face to face with the reality of fear. The startling and utterly unforeseen change in their lives which that day brought was cause enough for fear. It shook the very foundations of their marriage!

Only a great love could withstand the shock in store for the young MacNallys! Is their love strong enough—or will Jerry's marriage go the way of Wanda's? Follow this absorbing novel of modern morals in October PHOTOPLAY!



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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

"Vigil in the Night," which is as far from screwball as Maine from California, and her acting was superb. Many people have criticized Carole for changing from comedy to more dramatic acting.

Yet it must be remembered that the finest of actresses shun glamour.

I, for one, would like to see Carole kick up her heels again and act as only Carole can—Carole who can be screwier, laugh harder and shriek louder than anyone in Hollywood.

But I don't want to see her give up dramatic acting. Such magnificent versatility is a gift to be treasured and not enough praise can be heaped upon the lovely Carole who, in my opinion, is one of the greatest sports and finest actresses in the movie kingdom. She has climbed higher and higher to the top of the ladder of success and has seen her greatest ambitions rewarded.

More power to you, Mrs. Gable!

MARIAN BARNHOLTZ,
St. Louis, Mo.

"JEWEL OF INCONSISTENCY"?

HOLLYWOOD, that jewel of inconsistency! Every year you pull a score of "discoveries" out of a hat. Every year, like a spoiled child, you scream for new toys—new talent, new faces, new personalities. And every year you throw away the old toys. Did it ever strike you that the toys on the shelf are still good? That real acting ability is as manna from heaven to a glamour-glutted public?

Among the dozens of "new faces," a few are star material. Some are not properly handled; most of them are forgotten in a few months. And a new crop of doll-faced incompetents comes up—witness Ellen Drew, Lana Turner.

Hollywood should have reached the age of discretion by now. If it would exercise its intelligence it might find some ability in those dusty pigeonholes.

VIRGINIA HUNT,
San Francisco, Calif.

ENCORE TO A PLEA

MAY I add my plea to that of Miss Louise Norell's in your June issue?

Please give us another gay Garbo film. I'm sure she'd be marvelous portraying Madame Curie—but surely there's plenty of time for that.

Just now we'd like to see some more of that bewitching Garbo smile!

LORETTA DRISCOLL,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Man of Many Moments

(Continued from page 72)

CAIRO, after the routine voyage from Marseilles, seemed like a beckoning, sun-drenched paradise to him. Physically he was almost well again; but his mind still hid in a shell of exhaustion.

One night, on a trek to an outlying town, he was forced to stop over at a village while repairs were made to his car. After dinner he spoke to the inn attendant. "Is there any entertainment here? A bazaar, a cinema—?"

The attendant shook his head, then brightened. "A countryman of yours is here, conducting experiments at the new hospital. A surgeon."

Charles turned away. Then an incredible thought occurred to him. "You said a surgeon? His name?"

"Monsieur Mouchet."

Memory flooded through Charles' mind. Figeac, the base hospital, coffee through long evenings in the dim cafe corner, a man's deep voice saying, "Have the courage to live every moment . . ." Mouchet, his first oracle.

"Where," asked Charles, controlling his voice with effort, "did you say I might find this man?"

Mouchet had been thirty-eight when Charles had known him in Figeac; now, in his early fifties, he had changed little. Were it not for the vast and still Egyptian night stretching out over the desert and the difference in the quality of the coffee, this might be only another of those memorable evenings. It was Charles who had felt the years.

The shrewd eyes across the table were studying him carefully. "Why are you here, doing this tour?"

"I had to get away, be free."

"And you have done and seen all the things you talked to me about in Figeac?"

"Yes."

"Then you are ready to begin to live. A boy's dreams are built on a boy's conception of things. Your new purpose must be that of a man." Mouchet's kindly eyes crinkled as he smiled. "It is a big thing to live one life by the time you're thirty and have the courage to start another."

For a long time the two men sat in silence. At last Charles stood up. "There's no way I can thank you. You've given me an answer."

Mouchet held out his hand. "You would have found it for yourself."

THE tour was long and, a year before, would have left him out of sorts and in need of a vacation. Now he returned to Paris in excellent temper, anxious to find a new field in which to prove what he must prove—that he could create and accomplish. The picture companies, having long since heard of his freedom, were waiting with attractive offers. He picked the best and signed a five-year contract.

Then, before he had started even one picture, arrogant Hollywood held out its golden lure; the California companies had decided to make French versions of their properties in sound and needed not only a good French actor but one who could talk, who had a voice.

Charles held out both hands, palms upward, when his agent told him. "It sounds wonderful," he said, "but there's the contract. I've signed it."

"Simpleton!" the agent laughed. "If you want to go to Hollywood, pay your *dedit* and go!"

Charles had forgotten. The French law provided that if a man wished to get out of a contract he could pay a sum agreed upon as compensation to the producer—a *dedit,* so called—and there was an end to it. "Cable Hollywood at once," Charles yelled, and, "Fredric! Champagne!"

Hollywood greeted him with a certain flamboyant, specious courtesy, ignored him for several weeks and then confided to him casually that they had decided not to make French versions after all.

"However," said his studio, "we must use you somehow. You can have a part in Jean Harlow's new picture. It's called 'Red-headed Woman.'"

Well, thought Charles, that was something.

It was something, all right. If you will remember, there was a flash in the last scene of that picture when Jean, by inimitable implication, let her audience know she was on better than nice terms with her chauffeur. The chauffeur looked delighted.

That was Charles. The cost of that scene to him can never be estimated; he was bawled at and pushed around on the set, his dignity was disregarded. They treated him, France's foremost star, like an extra. Then, when it was finished, they waved him away.

He went home to France, his bitterness so intense his ears rang with it.

By the time Hollywood called again, the insult to his professional standing had become amusing—a few successful pictures for French companies and a successful season, unbound by contract, with Bernstein had restored his ego—but his failure to make Hollywood give him what he wanted, to conquer the town, still rankled. This time it looked as if there were a better chance: Fox Films had seen his "La Bataille," released in the United States as "Thunder in the East," and thought they might make capital of a man whose eyes could look as if they mirrored all the sorrow in the world.

So he accepted.

They miscast him as the lead in "Caravan." Charles wore black curls and played mad music in the moonlight.

Uh, *uh,* the press said. The public didn't even bother to go and see. Charles packed again. Then he met Walter Wanger.

"I've a story called 'Private Worlds,'" Wanger said. "It's an intelligent piece, dealing with psychopathics and made for you. I'd cast you straight, as a doctor. And you'd have a Frenchwoman, Claudette Colbert, as your star. Will you think it over?"

Here was the dawn, then. By the time "Private Worlds" was released and even before the delirious reaction to his superb performance made the piece the hit it was, Charles and Wanger had worked out a long-term contract—and Hollywood belonged to Mr. Boyer.

PROFESSIONALLY, that is to say. Wanger had one obvious fault to find: Audience reaction had shown that although Charles' charm and appeal were enough to carry him through to stardom, his English was unintelligible half the time. Still, with tutors and diligence in study, this could be overcome so that prearranged lines could be read with only an accent to mar them.

But it was one thing to keep saying dialogue over and over for the cameras until the effect was right and another to talk naturally in a strange tongue with social acquaintances. Boyer, he whose extraprofessional life had always been full and fascinating, found that he was still a lonely man, despite his new success.

Aside from the language difficulty, he found it hard to reconcile the new code of manners and customs of Hollywood with those he had practiced all his life. The women he met interested and astounded him—and somehow left him without warmth.

There was no mystery here, in these women. They acted grateful for favors that should have been taken for granted and thus implied such favors were very rare indeed. They knew what they wanted, wore their moral standards on their sleeves and expected their escorts to take a look and act accordingly.

In Paris he had almost always been in love. In Hollywood romance necessarily assumed a different aspect: Companionship without passion. And so it was until 1935.

He thought, when he first took Pat Paterson's proffered hand, *This one is European, different from all the others here.* He saw her beauty, her straightforward eyes, heard her low voice, which revealed nothing and promised everything; and with this awareness he felt an earnest conviction that he must not let this person get away from him.

WHEREFORE, when Mr. Boyer drove away from that party, Pat Paterson was ensconced, somewhat to her own surprise, in the seat beside him. He knew, that evening, that he was in love with her and that it was unlike any love he had ever known before.

The next three weeks were delightful, since they were spent in her company, but they seemed a period of delay to Charles. He knew that this was the woman he wanted to be his wife and his impatience at the waste of days and nights made him vaguely irritable. Their conversations at dinner and afterwards served only to confirm his impressions: That she possessed every endearing quality he had ever liked in any woman and beyond that an affinity for him apparently predestined. She was gay, charming, worldly, intelligent. She was everything in the world he wanted.

On a night three weeks after their first meeting, then, he gave her dinner at a Hollywood cafe and afterward suggested a theater. The box office was sold out. They stood under the marquee indecisively, Pat grinning cheerfully at the situation. "What'll we do?" she asked.

He looked at her. As matter-of-factly as he could manage the words, he said, "Let's get married."

She gave herself a short moment to make sure he meant it. Whereupon she pulled her furs around her and took his arm. "All right." There was no need for coyness. She had known, too, from the first.

They were married the next morning in Yuma, having flown there in a chartered plane. Flying back to Hollywood, with both her hands possessively held in his, Charles thought of Mouchet and suddenly chuckled. "What?" asked Pat immediately.

"I remembered I must send a cable," Charles told her, his voice not quite steady, "to an oracle in Egypt. I will tell this oracle that the new life is well started."

THE END.

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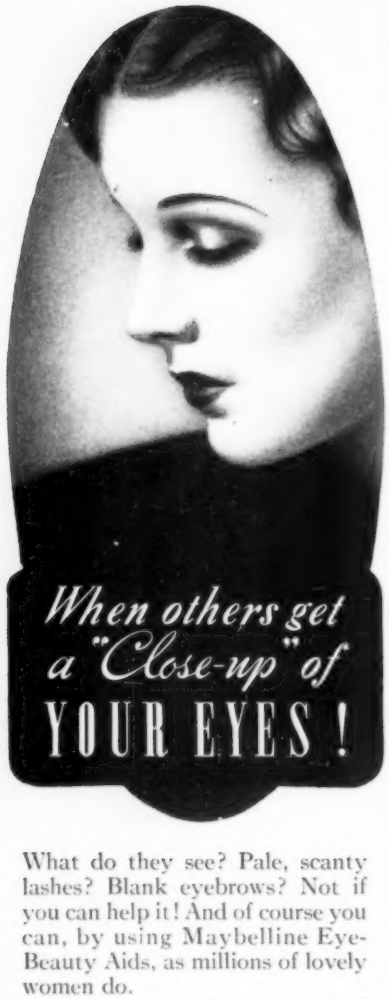
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Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Code for American Girls

(Continued from page 17)

too dark. The world has gone to pot before and has recovered.

I don't think a new set of values is necessary, but I do think the values we have learned to know should be more diligently and intelligently applied.

However, any period of readjustment is a precarious one. The fervor that accompanies a new freedom especially, if not curbed, ofttimes gains a terrific momentum. For example, the post-prohibition era. The modification of discontinuance of established liberties ofttimes has amazing reactionary influence on the people, witness the prohibition era itself. Whatever the results of present wartime, it should be our duties as American wives, sweethearts and mothers, to unite to avoid any repetition of endangering American morals.

War nearly always lowers the moral barriers of the young people of the countries involved. But in the past several thousand years, civilization, such as it is, has managed to survive in spite of it all.

Don't think it won't survive again and don't rush into foolish mistakes that will take years to correct.

I don't know why I should give advice.

I think the young women of America have more sense and stability than are usually credited to them.

This new generation is living in an exciting age. I'm glad I'm on hand to watch and help if I can.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 67)

★ THE MORTAL STORM—M-G-M

THIS is, in a sense, a "war picture" and because war and the elements that make it can never be other than bitter and horrible, the film holds none of the entertainment we have come to expect from pictures, even the sad ones. Instead, "The Mortal Storm" brings to you only grim reality and a frightening sense of doom on the march. A dramatization of Phyllis Bottome's book by the same name, it is a story of a German community at the time the Nazi regime rose to power and of the tragic racial differences that rode in its wake. James Stewart plays the young German who believes in and is willing to fight for freedom of thought, speech and ideals. Frank Morgan, in one of the finest performances of his career, is the sincere, studious professor of science in a German university who becomes, overnight, the victim of Nazi politics. Margaret Sullavan, his daughter, ranges herself with Stewart. Robert Young, her fiance, and Robert Stack and William T. Orr, her half brothers, are wholly in accord with and a part of the new movement. Irene Rich, Maria Ouspenskaya and Bonita Granville play their part in the drama that moves with relentless power to its dreadful, inevitable denouement. No, you won't like "The Mortal Storm." But we don't believe you should ignore it. Right or wrong, it is too significant for that.

★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

ROMANCE, glamour, Romberg's heavenly music, excitement, adventure—and Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy! Shouldn't these provide good and sufficient reasons why you won't want to miss this picture—even though you already may have seen the show and even the earlier screen production? As you may know, the story begins on the high seas, takes you to the fabulous New Orleans of pre-French Revolution days—where Jeanette is a great lady and Nelson, a duke in disguise, is her bondsman—and thence to a desert island. The whole thing is gay with comedy, bright with melody, vivid with color.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE—Warners

A NOT very dramatic series of situations covering New York crime history for the past decade and a half. Roger Pryor, playing an insurance investigator, is more or less crowded out of the limelight by Eddie Foy Jr., whose comedy somewhat relieves the rest of the monotony. Lucile Fairbanks, the late Douglas Fairbanks' niece, is in it, too, but her talents as an actress seem only so-so.

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO-Radio

HERE is the picture you may have been waiting for in these days of trouble and suspense—a lively piece that doesn't pretend to do anything but make you laugh! Leon Errol plays *Pop* and that should tell you one reason for all the mirth. Dennis O'Keefe, Adele Pearce, Walter Catlett and Marjorie Gateson constitute four other reasons. The fun begins when Leon, objecting to his daughter's (Adele's) marriage to Dennis, tries to prevent it by declaring that the latter must have $1000 in the bank before he'll give his consent and, sure Dennis can never make the grade, grandly adds that if Dennis can get the $1000 he will himself contribute a like sum. Well, Dennis proves himself an astute young businessman after all and Leon, as a result, has a terrific time keeping his share of the bargain. In fact, it is Marjorie who finally saves him—about the time your sides have begun to hurt.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

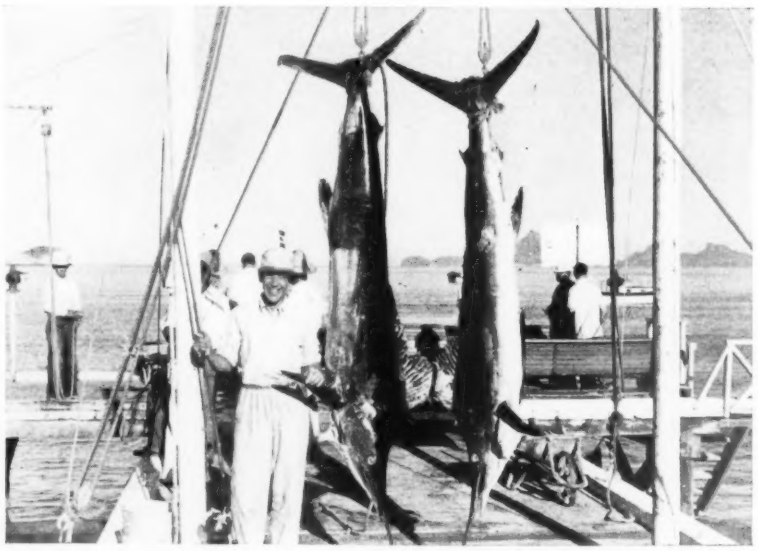
IF the combination of Roland Young and Hugh Herbert teamed as a pair of cupids and general fixer-uppers of human difficulty intrigues you, then you don't want to miss this entertaining comedy-drama. The story is about a Boston Back Bay family headed by Montagu Love, irascible and intolerant. Nancy Kelly, his granddaughter, wants to marry Bob Cummings, a young lawyer, but Grandpa won't let her. So she seeks help from Roland Young, her father, long estranged from the bullying Love and the rest of the family. Roland, in turn, enlists the aid of Herbert, a taxi-driver pal. The way they work out things makes pretty good entertainment for any movie-goer.

THE CROOKED ROAD—Republic

THIS is a timeworn story about a feud among a group of ex-convicts, told in a timeworn way. Of course, Edmund Lowe, its star, is just as good an actor as he ever was and Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey give him pretty good support on the side of right, while Paul Fix, Arthur Loft and Claire Carleton hold up adequately the villain's side of the piece. Still, all in all, there is nothing very new or exciting in plot or action. Eddie is framed and things look very bad for him for a while. Then everything comes out all right in the end. Naturally.

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS—RKO-Radio

WELL, this is a homely, wholesome little picture with a good cast, but it won't make movie history. Perhaps this is because the story itself is so outdated. Certainly you can't get very upset over the persecution of a schoolteacher by an ill-natured, ill-starred family which dominates the town in which she has been employed. It is too bad, too, that Anne Shirley, talented young actress that she is, must play such a drab, implausible role. She appears so unattractive, even *gauche* (and no wonder, considering the clothes she has to wear!) that you wonder if it can be the



Recognize the sun-kissed smile of this valiant swordfisherman? It's Fred Astaire, snapped in jubilant mood at Guaymas, Mexico

same girl who almost won the Academy Award for her performance in "Stella Dallas." James Ellison, Henry Travers and even Slim Summerville, also in the cast, are so dispirited you scarcely recognize them. Oh, yes—the reason for the persecution of Anne? The ill-natured family wants her teaching job for one of its daughters.

THE CAPTAIN IS A LADY—M-G-M

A KIND of silly tale, this, all about an ex-sea captain who is improvident with his money, and his wife whom he adores but can't seem to provide for. Based on the play, "Old Lady 31," the plot manages to put the captain, Charles Coburn, and his missus, Beulah Bondi, into an old ladies' home where, as you may guess, the captain is exactly like a fish out of water. Of course, eventually, fate and a few kind friends manage to fix it so he redeems not only his lost manhood but also the family fortunes. As a whole, the picture seems to creak with old age.

BABIES FOR SALE—Columbia

PERHAPS this story of "heartbreak sold over the counter" by adoption racketeers will prove depressing, but it will also touch the heart of every woman who sees it. Rochelle Hudson plays a penniless expectant mother, recently widowed, who falls into the clutches of unscrupulous medical racketeers who make a business of robbing such women of their babies, that they may be sold to persons seeking, in good faith, children for adoption. Glenn Ford is a young newspaper reporter who exposes this vicious practice. Miles Mander plays one of the avaricious doctors. It should be noted that this sober, sensitively presented picture does not typify the large majority of America's foundling homes, but only that small percentage whose practices are nefarious.

As far as entertainment goes, this is just fair to middling.

THE BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES—20th Century-Fox

NOT the most plausible tale in the world, but exciting, entertaining and full of laughs, this is about a cub reporter (Ted North, new but promising) who doesn't do very well when he first comes on the job but manages to capture some bandits and a spot on the front page eventually. Lynne Roberts is the girl and Edgar Kennedy as a frustrated cop burns slower—and harder—than ever.

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

WHEN you consider all the mischievous pranks and trouble the little Pepper children get into, you wonder how their mother, Dorothy Peterson, can so patiently let motherly little Edith Fellows do all the worrying and cleaning up after them. When they go out West to stay with their aunt and mean uncle in the timber country, they wreck an unconscionable amount of havoc, which finally has the result of completely reforming Victor Kilian, their drunken uncle. This, their latest opus, has enough action for children, but it's not for adults seeking entertainment.

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

MELODRAMA is herewith given an added punch because it is true, this being the dramatization of another chapter of J. Edgar Hoover's book, "Persons in Hiding." This time the "persons" are the notorious Ma Barker and her sons, who become, on the screen, the notorious *Websters*. Blanche Yurka turns in a wonderful performance as *Ma*. Ralph Bellamy and Jack Carson are excellent G-men. The case includes Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, who hasn't much to do, but does it well.

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

ANOTHER of the "Dr. Christian" series in which Jean Hersholt, kindly and appealing as always, combats a new threat to the peace of his beloved "River's End." You see, a diet quack (Rod LaRocque) comes to town and by his fads and fallacies causes serious illnesses among his lady converts. The good doctor manages to fix 'em up, though.

THE FUGITIVE—An English production released by Universal

STARRING Ralph Richardson, acclaimed by many as the finest actor on the British screen, this picture is beautifully done, but quite depressing. In the first scenes, Ralph, an unimportant barber in the slums of Newcastle, succumbs to the temptation of stealing some money simply because it happens to be easy to do. From then on, there unfolds before your eyes a somber study in crime and punishment. Diana Wynyard (you may remember her in "Cavalcade" and "Rasputin") plays Richardson's wife, caught up in the web of his transgression. If you are interested in art for art's sake, you may appreciate this. Probably not, otherwise.



Million-dollar mannequins at Carmel Myers' fashion show for the Red Cross: Mary Healy, Carole Landis, Aline Brandeis and Anita Louise

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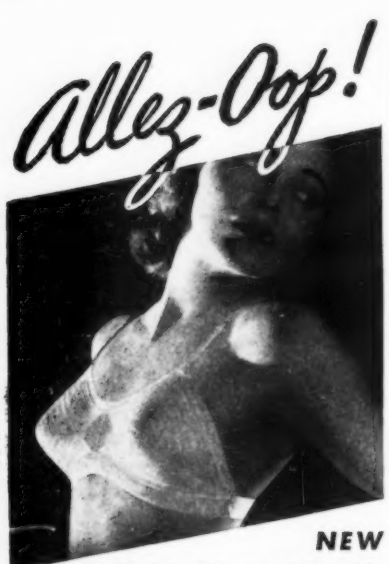
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KIRKEBY HOTELS

How Cary Grant Lives

(Continued from page 22)

holding radio, cigarettes, etc., at his head and a large, practical fireplace.

The walls, the ceiling and the carpet are in severe chocolate brown, relieved by trimmings in beige.

Over the fireplace hangs an oil painting that has puzzled many a guest. No one has ever been sure whether it was a modernist masterpiece or a lunatic's self-portrait. But now it can be told—Cary bought it on the banks of the river Seine for ninety-three cents.

At the far end of this chocolate chamber is the private haberdashery—suits, dozens of shirts, a regiment of shoes, a horde of hats and kerchiefs, socks, neckties, suspenders and underwear.

The studied carelessness of Cary's screen appearance, which contributes so much to his jaunty appeal, is achieved largely by his shirts. These are made to order in New York and have a collar designed by Cary to minimize what he thinks is an oversized neck. There is little basis for his delusion, but no one's been able to dissuade him.

He wears a forty-two coat, eleven-and-a-half shoes, silk undershirts in solid pastel shades, slippers of a moccasin type made in Sweden. He never wears a smoking jacket and can't stand flowers in the bedroom.

Although he is not given to hobbies or collecting objects of art, he has a mania for keeping useless papers and periodicals for years, believing that someday they'll come in handy.

He is meticulously tidy, never carries anything that will bulge his pockets and has a collection of pipes that he never uses. He likes cigarettes but can't stand them before breakfast.

DUE to a slight astigmatism he always carries corrective glasses. He is an incurably bad correspondent; letters are inevitably shelved, pigeonholed and postponed, finally being answered by an elaborate and apologetic wire.

His library of records contains complete albums of Gershwin, English comic songs and musical comedy things that he was in.

His attitude towards physical exercise has changed very little in ten years. The punching bag and rowing machine in a hidden little courtyard get a visit from him only at some friend's mention of middle age or a crack about his waistline. He rides horseback only as called for in his work, never goes in for sailing, trapshooting, tennis or golf.

Cary's philosophic attitudes may best be exemplified by this incident:

Almost two years ago there were four of us dining at the Hollywood Brown Derby—Cary, Dick Barthelmess, John Carroll and I. It was early in March and income tax was making its annual foray into complacent movie pocketbooks. Cary was having his say:

"Cripers! That's a terrific slice out of a man's income. A man works hard for years, lives in cheap hotels, packs his worldly goods in a trunk, looks for a job between the shows that flopped—then one day he gets a break. Then what happens? The government comes along and. . . ."

Cary interrupted himself. "Oh, well!" he said. "What am I kicking about? Not so many years ago I was wandering around New York, without a job, and had only one dream—that someday I might get set with an income of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. That was my idea of heaven. And here I am kicking like everybody else in the big money."

He speared a sizable piece of steak and holding it aloft as if it were a symbol of his point, said: "Let 'em take all they want. Whatever it is, it's darned cheap for the privilege of living here."

Cary Grant likes life and has a keen desire to face it honestly. He's getting a great kick out of his home-ownership and someday he would like to have children. But children must have a mother and mothers should be wives—I'm sure Cary will not long remain a polliwog's tail.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 69)

we have met Jerome Cowan. We say no and Freddie says, "What, you've never met my roommate at Vassar?" Jerry comes over then and proceeds to tell me about the fudge parties they used to have—at Vassar—and the pillow fights, and in the midst of such nonsense Betty Field enters. Not being in on the clowning, she can only look at us, big-eyed, and big eyes hers certainly are. Then director John Cromwell calls the scene and it is amazing to watch Freddie and Jerry snap into the action, become immediately the severe dignified gentleman (that's Freddie) and the slimy Cockney.

As we start to leave, Freddie says if I'll stick around they will tell me about nature study at Vassar to which I retort with dignity that he is a mere Barrymore interpreter and I'm leaving for 20th Century-Fox and the real Barrymore in "The Great Profile."

I find the real Barrymore being realler and more Barrymore than ever. He's no longer young, but there is a fire in this man that six usual juveniles rolled into one cannot equal. We come upon him, playing a scene with Gregory Ratoff (yes, that same one who is usually a director). The great Jawn cannot remember lines and doesn't bother to. Kneeling just outside of camera range is a stagehand with a blackboard on a stick and on the blackboard are the lines, printed in big letters, which John is to say.

We're sorry to miss seeing Mary Beth Hughes, the up-and-coming blonde who plays opposite John, but it's a picnic watching Ratoff moan over muffing his own lines—while John, of course, is letter perfect!

When we discover that not a single new picture is shooting at M-G-M we are disconsolate until we run into Adrian, the fashion creator, who asks us to lunch with him in his own workshop. It's a lovely, big room, this, with a tiny stage on which he can view his stellar mannequins and we find it stacked high with sketches for the forthcoming "Dulcy" and "The Philadelphia Story." We ask Adrian what will happen to women's clothes in war time and he says he thinks they will be softly tailored, quite plain, distinctly practical but dashing. "Gallant" is his word.

"Short skirts—and short skirts always mean full skirts—always go with war days, which are necessarily practical days," said Adrian, "so I anticipate that skirts will be very short this coming winter. Two fashions will continue their popularity into fall and winter—wide shoulders and turbans."

Adrian showed me a dress he has designed for Lynne Carver in "Dulcy" which carries out these ideas. Over a monotone silk bodice and skirt, he has put a vestee and tied-on overskirt of red, white and blue stripes. The vestee is made in a "V" line to emphasize the shoulder width and to taper to nothing at the waist and the belted top of the overskirt ties at the very center front with a big bow. (See sketch on opening pages.)

WE save our plum of the month till the last. Though it has been shooting for nearly eight weeks, this is the first time we have caught up with "The Howards of Virginia," Frank Lloyd's own production from the best seller, "Tree of Liberty." The company has been on location all over California, but now it is housed on a sound stage at General Service Studios. We enter into a tiny library in the home of Cary Grant and Martha Scott, who are, for the purposes of the story, *Mr. and Mrs. Howard*.

They are earnest young people, these two, and Martha is troubled by discovering that her husband is one of the signers of a protest to the British Government against closing the port of Boston to the American Colonists. She is afraid Cary will get into trouble. Cary says the King has got to know that his American subjects can't be pushed around. He tells Martha not to worry, that he loves her, and that he will be back soon.

It's this last line of his speech that is worrying Cary. He tells Mr. Lloyd that 'every time he goes out of a scene he says that he'll be right back.

"So what?" says Mr. Lloyd. "I've said that to my wife every time I've gone out of our house for fifteen years."

Cary goes out, enters, plays the scene, exits. Martha Scott, a movie newcomer, gets out of camera range all unknowingly a couple of times. All unknown to her, Cary skillfully maneuvers her back into it.

"We'll shoot it again," says Lloyd.

Cary, the mercurial, all dark doubts a moment before, now is grinning.

"But that take was perfect," he remarks.

"We'll shoot it again," says Lloyd.

Meekly Cary exits, but off stage, waiting for his cue, he keeps muttering loudly, "The take was perfect. The take was perfect. Such wonderful actors. Never appreciated."

Over his shoulder, Lloyd winks at us.

Cary, as he comes over to us, is serious once again.

"I'm so excited over this script," he says. "It's serious and it's funny. It's dramatic and it's exciting. It's the best form of American patriotism and in it you are going to see the most beautiful job of acting you've ever witnessed."

"Yours?" we ask.

"No," says Cary, quickly and sincerely. "Martha Scott's. She's all that Janet Gaynor used to be, the simplicity, the sweetness, plus dramatic intensity and a sort of—well—startled beauty. She is . . ." Mr. Grant, always a gentleman with a nice sense of words, pauses and hunts for the right one . . . "she's piquant. Give her six months and she will be one of the greatest stars on the screen."

Exciting thought for the month, isn't it? Stick around and we'll try to bring you an even better one next month.

Categorically Speaking
Ann As Seen by George Brent

(Continued from page 19)

She talks straight from the shoulder, not entirely in a diplomatic fashion, but then, diplomacy is a decadent quality. There's nothing decadent about Ann. She's too healthy, and I mean the kind of health that doesn't need any thinking about. No diet, no fancy gym exercises, no pills. She was born on a bucking bronco (again categorically, or symbolically, speaking), with that one-fourth Indian blood of hers stoically taking the punishment and sternly subduing the bronco; in this fashion, she has arrived where she is.

Eternally feminine, she is never effeminate—and thus is a man's type of person, one the male mind appreciates. There's never anything vicious about her, never anything catty. If she dislikes someone she avoids mentioning him, makes a point of keeping out of his way.

Ann works hard and enjoys life; she's more fun to be with than any woman I have ever known; I think, on the whole, the quality of excitement which she possesses and generates is what makes her different from the glamour girls — that, and her earthy simplicity.

George As Seen by Ann Sheridan

(Continued from page 18)

overflowing with cigarette stubs and glasses on the table. And the games the children play in that book of Aldous Huxley's, about a brave, new world. And, of course, "Indications," because he's such a good actor.

Street?

A winding mountain road, 52nd Street in New York, the main path of a village in the County of Cork. Warner Brothers' main drag.

House?

George is an old-world house, remodeled by Frank Lloyd Wright and situated on a floating island. As a matter of fact, George's personality is rather well reflected in the houses he chooses for himself. Remote, but accessible to people he likes, they sit on hilltops where sometimes the wind howls and they have big fireplaces, paneled walls, windows you can see out of, but not into. The furniture is male and comfortable and expensive; there are a gym and a garage with two cars—that closed black limousine I mentioned and a sturdy, sensible, fast coupe. I'll add an imaginary tower where a black Irishman can retire to have moods.

Bird?

Sometimes he's a raven, sitting imperturbably on a movie camera; sometimes one of those attack hawks that dive like Stuka bombers—in other words, there is often something dangerous about George with which I personally would not care to tangle; and sometimes he's an absolute pigeon. (You know: "Hi there, my pigeon!")

Jewel?

Amber, or an opal.

Tree?

Whatever tree they cut a shillelagh from, unless that *is* the name of it. George is a shillelagh carved and polished by Cartier, with an ebony tip; but nonetheless effective in a dark alley, if needed.



Brand-newlyweds: Carole Landis and Willis Hunt Jr., California broker

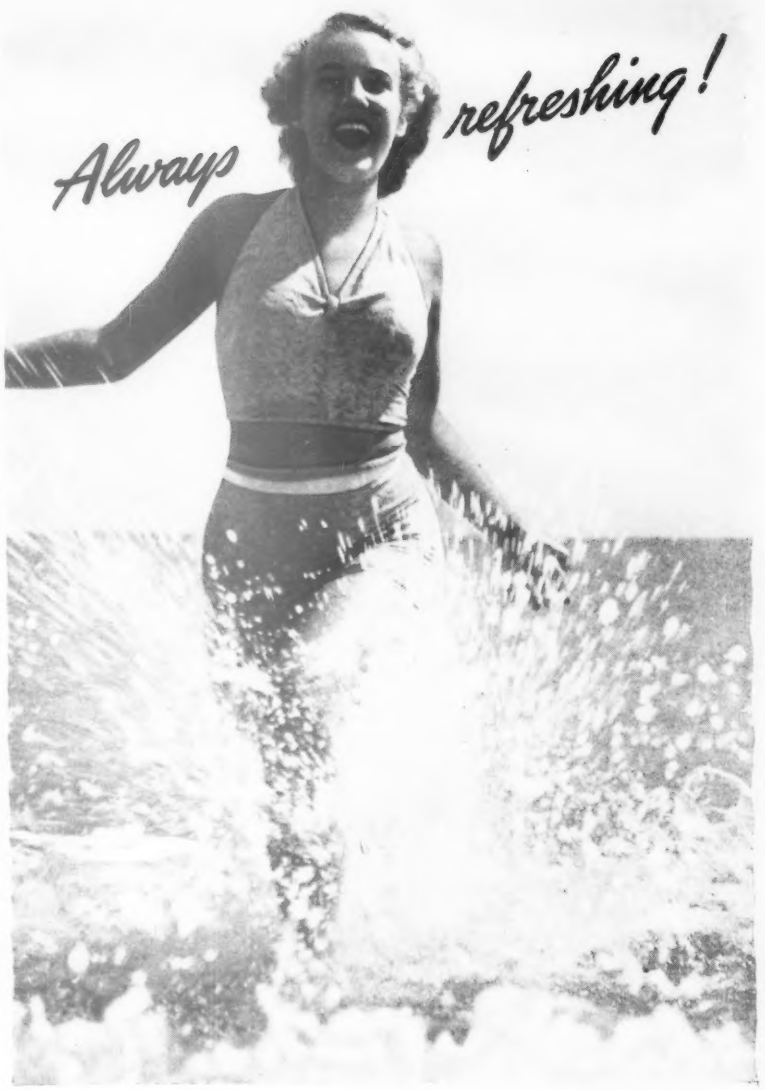
OF course you might as well try to photograph every angle of a prism at once as identify George Brent in terms of any single object. He's a lot of people —rebel, hard-working artist, playboy, hermit, intellectual, athlete . . . and, what's most disconcerting, he manages to be a combination of these things all at once.

George has an enormous awareness, a flair for being very much alive during every waking hour. I like to hear him laugh—he never chuckles falsely, just to be polite.

So you must think of the man in a lot of poses: George lounging at a table in a night club while the whole orchestra, newly enriched from his pocket, plays his favorite sentimental ballads; George playing bang-up tennis with a famous professional on a court in Palm Springs; George driving alone at night, busily solving the mystery of the universe; George quietly giving a best performance in a scene and then sneaking into his dressing room to finish a chapter of a new philosophical treatise; George telling the best blue stories of the year in a Third Avenue bar at five in the morning. . . .

All of which is pretty sketchy, really, but I haven't time to write the whole book. One thing—never accept a date with George if you're anaemic. Stock up on red corpuscles first.

That, I assure you, is no gag.



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Femmes Fatales

(Continued from page 70)

if the going does get a little tough occasionally."

All this explains why Carole takes over a party—and how you can take over a party, too. She takes the trouble—*if it is trouble to her, which seems unlikely*—to know about the things that make up a man's world. And she finds these things just as exciting as the hats and gowns she selects and wears with such chic that she's someone to look at wherever she goes.

And don't underestimate the importance of that last item. Men don't get too excited when dowdy women know things or do things. They practically expect it of them. But when a girl can wear an Irene suit and a Daché hat the way Carole does and can quote batting averages, too, gentlemen, young and old, move into her cheering section and stay there.

Miriam Hopkins once had her share of romantic scalps. However, she's lately gained a reputation for having claws, sharp ones. Now most women have claws—and use them—but they wear soft, disarming velvet gloves. Miriam appears to have forgotten hers, so she's frightened some men away.

Loretta Young used to be a Queen of Hearts, too. But, through disposition or circumstances, Loretta has allowed her romances to be publicized to the place where they've provided a public holiday. And men are wary rabbits. So there's less talk about Loretta's admiring army or less of an admiring army than there used to be.

MARGARET SULLAVAN is another current enchantress. She's married, too. *Femmes fatales* usually are married or just about to be married or just divorced. Which is natural enough. However, this never stops men from gathering round, sending presents under one pretext or another and offering themselves as escorts any time a husband or a fiance is going to be busy, *any time at all!*

Perhaps you wouldn't expect Maggie to attract men. She's "difficult." She has no reputation for being a co-operative spirit. And she makes it plain enough that the public hoop-la connected with her career irks her almost beyond endurance. Even her best friends admit they never know what she's going to like or what she's going to do. "That's Maggie!" they say, as if that excused and explained everything.

If you were to be invited to the Leland Hayward house on Sunday—which is sheer fantasy since only a select few ever are invited there—you'd undoubtedly find Maggie with practically no make-up, wearing a sweater, a skirt to her knees and a little blue and white striped apron. The chances are she'd be sprawled on the grass in the garden with Bridget, who is one, and Brooke, who is two and a half, watching the ants as intently as they were and explaining, simply but accurately, about the ants' social system.

One thing you could be sure of, there'd be men around. Even though Maggie has eyes for Leland only and everyone knows it. Even though some of the men who'd be around would be in love with other girls—like Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda, Maggie's ex-husband who is happily remarried.

The men who adore Maggie aren't blind to her faults. Indeed they extol them. Henry Fonda is reported to have said, very indulgently, that the surest way on earth to get Maggie to do anything is to suggest she do the opposite. Occasionally, however, one of the Sullavan regulars will hint he's never going back there again . . . even while he's on his way!

You might say men go to the Haywards to talk business or play tennis with Leland. So they do, but that's only half of it. Men who are only a husband's friends don't remember to send the Little Woman flowers and books and jars of fancy herbs and they certainly don't order birthday and Christmas presents and Easter baskets for the children.

"What *is* it Margaret Sullavan's got?" we asked one of her oldest and most faithful admirers.

"A Voice," he said, surprised that we didn't know.

For Maggie's voice holds a promise. Her wish to please men warms her voice, gives it ardent timbre. For, of course, she wouldn't row with men the way she does if they weren't important to her. All of which they know—instinctively! Didn't she and William Wyler, her director, elope back in 1934 after they'd quarreled so constantly all the time they were making a picture that everyone in the studios thought they were poison to each other?

WOMEN rarely are what they seem, apparently. In the old days it was Theda Bara, vampire, who reigned on the screen on a tiger rug. But it was Mary Miles Minter, of the golden curls and wide, wide blue eyes, who had to brush men out of her way off the screen. And only half a dozen years ago Clara Bow was the "It" girl on the screen. But there wasn't anyone in Hollywood at that time with the personal romantic rating of "winsome little Janet Gaynor." At the mere sight of Janet, now married to Adrian, sophisticated men went gaga, strong men fell to their knees and weak men proceeded to give imitations of Sandow.

Which brings us to Olivia de Havilland—for it's Olivia who has the same potent appeal for men these days. Olivia, looking like a sweet old daguerreotype, also hands men the role of Big Shot — by her appearance and her attitude.

Olivia wasn't always popular. She says: "I used to sit and read and dream and write poetry and be frightened of men—and miss a lot of fun. Then I discovered gentlemen really don't bang you over the head and you won't even be kissed on the forehead unless you want to be. So I relaxed. Which made it possible for men to relax with me."

Livvie, in spite of her youth, is one of the most intelligent girls in town. But she's quiet about it. She doesn't tell the boys, she asks them. Moreover, she's a divine listener, with a wonderful way of saying, "Oh, that's *so* true!" Which is worth remembering!

Adventuresome millionaires, young dreamers, delightful cosmopolites keep Olivia's little house filled with flowers, her telephone ringing, her white leather engagement book crowded. Or they did—until the spring campaign waged by the heretofore elusive Jimmy Stewart crowded out the more faint-hearted, caused Olivia to look more meltingly lovely than ever and set Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan to planning how a wedding could be given in their garden—just in case!

THEN there's Hedy Lamarr, a *femme fatale* whose current separation from producer Gene Markey places her temporarily on the "single" list. Actually Hedy and Olivia are very much alike—even though one looks like the portrait of Miss Innocence (and Mona Lisa, come to think of it) and the other looks like the painting of Salome.

Hedy, however, contradicts her Salomish appearance all the time. She isn't at all the way script writers and directors require her to be on the screen. And it's no Salomish quality that puts her on this preferred list. It's more endearing things. . . .

She wears the simplest clothes and she acts pretty much like the girl next door except that she's probably less pretentious. She's refreshingly eager, too, like a kitten who suspects catnip in the garden beyond the screen door. And she's thoughtful. If a man has a headache it's Hedy who'll run to fix him a headache tablet—every time.

However, seasoned newspaper men who come to interview Hedy invariably act like kids on their first assignment for a school paper. There was one reporter who couldn't—or didn't—speak for five minutes after she turned her eyes full upon him to ask, in her lovely lilting voice, "Do you, perhaps, like chocolate candy?" She loves to nibble and, on a diet to lose five pounds before she went into "Boom Town," she hoped her guest would relish a chocolate or two so she, for politeness' sake, could eat three or four or more with him.

That's Hedy as she really is—eager and childish; then, suddenly and without warning, quiet and inexpressibly wise.

Vivien . . . Carole . . . Maggie . . . Olivia . . . Hedy . . . it may not be according to the script, but they're Hollywood's *femmes fatales!*



Pet pastime: "Bogey" (Humphrey Bogart of "They Drive By Night") takes a miniature flashlight photograph of "Sluggy" (his Scottie)

The Great Adventure

(Continued from page 8)

Well, you may now have the benefit of just such personal advice. Four leading New York beauty salons have guaranteed to bring to any woman, anywhere, perfect beauty within a few weeks' time. They are accomplishing that astounding thing by means of a personalized beauty course, a course instituted for girls, young matrons, middle-aged women, priced to fit your budget, arranged so that experts in all fields of beauty may study you personally, analyze your features, your figure, your personality, recommend a personal procedure for you and, in a few exciting weeks, make you into the woman you have always dreamed of being.

In those few weeks you will see yourself change with your own eyes. Every minute of the time you will be guided by those experts, telling you what to do, how to do it. Under their guidance you will undergo the greatest exchange in appearance you ever believed possible. If you live in New York, the course is ready for you, available at any one of the four salons; if you live at a distance, the postman will bring it to your door.

What will those experts do for you? First of all, you will have a head-to-toe analysis, a complete charting of your figure, your features, good and bad. That analysis may reveal many surprising things to you. You may discover that the reason you can't wait to comb out your own hair is because you, and not the hairdresser, are right: the modern-styled coiffures do not become you. You may find out that the reason you're a one-date girl is because your voice is annoyingly nasal.

After that analysis, the course of procedure for the following weeks will be outlined for you. You'll learn how to exercise while you're making beds or working in the office; you'll discover some amazing things about diet. For instance, if you want to gain weight, you'll add honey to your drinking water; if you want to lose weight, you'll add lemon juice.

That course will teach you how to set your own hair in a coiffure that a hair stylist, who has studied your features, will design especially for you and you alone. It will teach you how to manicure your own nails according to the procedure of a professional manicurist; how to care for your skin, make up your face.

Your clothes will be studied . . . and before those few weeks are over, you will know how to buy, within your budget, the type clothes you should wear. You'll know what colors to avoid, what colors to concentrate on. Your voice will be studied by voice experts and changes will be recommended.

In other words, you will be told how to change yourself completely, just as the stars of Hollywood have changed themselves from ordinary, sometimes drab girls into exciting and glamorous women. You can have all this, provided you are intelligent enough to realize the possibilities such an improvement would give to you; strong enough to have the will power necessary to follow the course. The cost of the course has been regulated to fit an ordinary woman's budget; the weeks' activities have been charted in such a fashion that during them you will experience the greatest adventure of your life.

Other women will look at you and say, "What have you been doing with yourself?" Men will look at you and say nothing—their glances will be reward enough. But the best reward of all will be when you look into your mirror on that final day and see a woman released from the humdrum dumpiness, the depressing rut in which she has formerly lived, a woman with a new sparkle in her eye, new confidence in her carriage, a woman who has, at last, come alive.

Photoplay Magazine is pleased to make available to its readers the services of its experts. If you wish any information regarding beauty products, write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, *122 E. 42nd St., New York City*



A star's dog has his day. With "Gold Rush Maisie" completed, Ann Sothern has time to romp with her Doberman, Carlo, and play her offscreen role of Mrs. Roger Pryor



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Is Melvyn Douglas a Communist?

(Continued from page 23)

Federal Bureau of Investigation. Whether his invitation has been accepted or whether Mr. Douglas (unknown to himself) has already been the object of an investigation by the Dies Committee is unknown to the American public.

Asked by this writer for an interview on the subject, Mr. Douglas gravely agreed to discuss the charges against him.

"Would I play in 'Ninotchka,' a picture that kidded Communism, if I were a Communist?" he asked. But we were there to do the asking, not answering.

"Have you ever been connected in any way with the Communist party, Mr. Douglas?"

"Certainly not. However, much criticism has been aimed at me because a group of us in Hollywood, inflamed at the lack of aid given the Loyalists in Spain early in their civil war, contributed several ambulances and money for medicine and aid to them. The fact that the Communists later climbed on the Loyalist band wagon was not our doing."

"Is that the only time you ever found yourself wittingly or unwittingly allied on the side of Communism?"

"I do not consider that I was allied with Communism then or at any time. I was donating to the cause of Democratic Republican Spain. Later when the anti-Nazi organization, of which I was a member, ceased being anti-Nazi, I resigned. For the past several years, I have been militantly anti-Nazi and am still anti-Nazi. The Communists are not."

"Mr. Douglas, *are you now a Communist?*"

"No. The simple facts are these. Mrs. Douglas and I have taken particular interest in the problems of the underprivileged—as, for instance, the migratory workers.

"When you try to do something for the underprivileged you often find Communists trying to do the same thing—for their own special purposes. The Communists figure their only chance to wedge themselves into American life is to influence the downtrodden. They're right about that. It is *their* only chance and they're making the best of it. This, it has always seemed to me, is a vital reason why, as Americans, we should make every effort—every sacrifice—to insure the strengthening and deepening of the democratic system. This is our best defense against all 'isms.'

"The reason liberalism and Communism have become linked in the minds of many is that Communists once chose to follow the liberal road—when it was useful. Americans should be more careful in distinguishing between Communists and liberals."

"Are you a radical, then, Mr. Douglas?"

"If you choose to call the New Deal radical."

"Mr. Douglas, what have you to say concerning Dr. Lechner's startling accusation regarding your refusal to denounce Communism and then read the Declaration of Independence on that radio broadcast?"

"I did not refuse to do the broadcast. I told Dr. Lechner that in my opinion the script was an unjust distortion of fact and that I would have to say so. Rather than have me do this, Dr. Lechner decided to get someone else to take the part. I believe in sticking to facts, even when attacking criminals. That is my understanding of American justice.

"I did not refuse to read the Declaration of Independence. I did not refuse to denounce Communism. I stated to Dr. Lechner that that portion of his script which inferred that the Communists were the instigators of the Spanish Civil War was an unjust distortion of fact. According to my information a few Communists chose long after the outbreak of civil war to support the Loyalist government. This did not justify condemning the efforts of the mass of the Spanish people to maintain their republic."

"Mr. Douglas, the charges made against you, especially in one column of a local newspaper, are most damning. What do you intend to do about them?"

"Consider their source.

"As to my appointment by Governor Olson as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Intelligence Unit of the California National Guard, I have already written the Governor asking that I not be accepted. He has agreed. I did not, of course, seek the post and I believe any appointment to the National Guard should be based solely on merit, training and service. There is definite logic to the argument of the American Legion spokesman that I am not qualified for activities in this connection.

"However, their insinuations as to my Communistic activities are not only baseless, but vicious to a degree. Even a casual investigation would have clearly established that I have as little regard for the Communists as I have for the Nazis and that I have been quick to condemn their influence wherever I have found it in operation. This has earned me *the attack of Communists as well.*

"In the interest of all *liberals* and for my own good name, I have requested from the Attorney General a thorough and immediate investigation of me and my connections by the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

WITH this dramatic denial, Mr. Douglas went back to his blue satin kimona and his movie-making. Nothing so far has been heard of an investigation or a clean bill of health from Uncle Sam's Federal agents as to Mr. Douglas' political status.

The actor was born Melvyn Hesselberg, son of Edouard Hesselberg, a concert pianist, and Lena Shackleford, in Macon, Georgia. When the lad was eight, his parents took him to Germany for a year. Later they moved to Toronto, Canada, where Mr. Hesselberg accepted a position in the Conservatory of Music. At fifteen, Melvyn, a boy too large for his age, enlisted in the year 1915 with the Canadian army. His father had him released, but two years later, after the family had moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, Melvyn joined the United States Army, declaring himself older, and spent one year in camps Fort Logan, Colorado, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and Camp Lewis, Washington.

A rebel against home suppression, Mr. Douglas went his way alone after the Armistice, trying his hand at selling pianos, reading gas meters and clerking in stores. In Chicago he met William Owen, retired stage star, who sent the young out-of-worker on stock tours that led to Chautauqua circuits through the Middle West and, eventually, New York. In Chicago he contracted one marriage that ended in divorce. He has one son by his first wife. Later the actor landed on Broadway, made history in "A Free Soul" and married Helen Gahagan, the star of "Tonight or Never," a few weeks after he'd been cast as the male lead. Together, the actor, his wife and two children live in a large home in an exclusive residential district of Los Angeles.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Douglas work untiringly among the underprivileged. In the Imperial Valley region Mr. Douglas is remembered for the holiday feasts he has given the children of the poor migratory workers. His swimming pool is open at all times to neighborhood children, dirty or clean. They address him simply as Melvyn.

NEVERTHELESS, the war over Mr. Douglas' political affiliations still rages, with both sides launching new attacks and counterdefenses. No sooner had the United Veterans of the Republic chapter from San Bernardino protested to the State against the appointment of Douglas, claiming the actor was *known* as one having close radical associations and stating that his position in military intelligence *might prove disastrous*, than a committee of five Los Angeles civic and educational leaders dispatched a telegram to the State in his defense. "We regret," this telegram stated, "the confusion in the public mind between really subversive persons and constructive, devoted patriotic liberals like Mr. Douglas, who has so frequently expressed publicly his opposition to Communistic doctrines.

"It is just this kind of *confusion that the enemies of our democracy would promote.* We feel sure anyone would discover, by personal acquaintance, that Mr. Douglas is beyond reproach in his desire to serve his country and to protect the very liberties which we all treasure. By such accusations as have been made, the American Legion and other similar organizations can so easily play into the very hands of those they rightly fear."

The telegram was signed by Samson Lindauer, city civil service commissioner, Municipal Judge Harold B. Landreth, Dr. Remsen D. Bird, president of Occidental College, Mary J. Workman, onetime civil service commissioner, and Margaret K. Workman, civic leader.

The case of Melvyn Douglas is not, by any means, a local one. As a motion-picture actor, he belongs to the millions who pay hard-earned coins to see him. Those people have a right to know the true status of affairs—whether or not the printed accusations against him are true, or whether he has been an innocent victim of a Fifth Columnists smear campaign.

Therefore, as an American theatergoer, we advocate that screen space be given this actor in order that he may give a public answer to his accusers on the question that now confronts the state of California: "Is Melvyn Douglas a Communist?"

HOW CLARK GABLE AND CAROLE LOMBARD LIVE

A "Hollywood at Home" scoop! Everything you've wanted to know about their ranch—why their separate paths led them to its door, what they do there—as seen through the eyes of their intimate friends and the all-revealing camera. . . .

Coming in PHOTOPLAY

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 31)

Lukas is planning a little ranch house, with some chickens, a cow and vegetable patch for himself, his wife and mother-in-law.

With the knowledge of the true Continental and the simplicity of the man who has learned by seeing much, he states humbly and honestly,

"The chaos of this world, the muddled condition of civilization can be adjusted only by the coming of a new messiah. And that messiah will have to lead and teach us the way out."

Happy Harry

My, Mr. Davenport,
I think that you are such a sport,
With your Oomph and fun and poise
You sure show up the glamour boys.
ME

Given a garden to dig in, a stage to act upon, a movie scene to steal bodily from right under anybody's nose, and Harry Davenport can be the happiest man in the world. At seventy-four, Mr. Davenport has just finished "Too Many Husbands," "I Want a Divorce," "All This And Heaven Too" and "Everybody's Happy," a *Higgins Family* picture. Any other actor or actress we know would be collapsing in hospital corridors after that schedule, but Harry is now looking anxiously about for something to do. "What's going on?" he says. "Everything's so quiet. Got to get out and do something." So he plays golf, or digs among the geraniums between pictures. He is fitter than two fiddles, gay, cheerful and, of course, always threatening to lay something aside for *his old age*.

"The reason I'm still acting after all these years," he told us, "is that I refuse to make a life and death issue out of each new part assigned me. It's the only way to survive in this man-killer work."

And he practices what he preaches. There's a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude about everything Mr. Davenport does and he seems to be having such a good time at it. His work as the judge in "You Can't Take It With You" still brings a responsive chuckle from everyone who saw him. And Harry in that scene was only being natural—enjoying himself as usual.

Harry's family is almost as old in theatrical tradition as the American stage itself. Older, as a matter of fact, for Harry's great-grandfather was Jack Johnstone, the famous Irish comedian who bloomed during the reign of George IV, and Fannie Vining of the great theatrical family of Great Britain was Harry's mother. The Barrymores and Drews are related to Davenport by marriage. At five, Harry began his own theatrical career at the old Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia in "Damon and Pythias." His father, actor and stage manager, was so overcome at his son's fine one-line performance, he promptly presented him with a five dollar gold piece.

From that day on he has spent every year except one—1878, when he took time out to attend school in Chelsea, Mass.—on the stage. Between shows he got in some schooling at a Philadelphia Quaker school as well.

Stock companies by the dozens revolve in his memories. Way back in 1884, he was acting in a pioneer stock company here on the coast. He might have been on the stage still, if when he was a mere lad of sixty-eight someone hadn't suggested he play the role of an old man.

That settled it! Indignant, he left the stage and came to Hollywood where he's never had one solitary idle moment. An old man, indeed! Huh!

Happily he lives with his two daughters, Kate and Fanny Davenport, and sons, Ned and Arthur. In spare moments he loves to go out to his country place in Chatsworth. He lost his wife, Phyliss Rankin, also an actress, six years ago.

His spirit is young, his heart a jitterbug, his smile catching. Mr. Davenport sets an example for all to follow—just don't take life too seriously and it will reward you with long, happy years.

From the Land of the Sarongs

A bronzed, six-foot-two giant named Jon (pronounced plain old John) Hall blew into moviedom in 1937 in "The Hurricane," the biggest breeze in cinematic history. The only trouble was it blew Jon right through Hollywood and on out the back door—for Jon hadn't made a picture since the big blow until Edward Small hailed him for "South of Pago Pago" and liked him so well he cast him immediately in the title role of "Kit Carson," in which Jon leaps from a sarong to cowboy chaps in one easy leap. Try it yourself sometime.

Young Hall spent most of his young life in the South Seas, copping swimming prizes from the natives, spearing fish, diving for pearls and attending the local schools, where he learned to speak French like Boyer. In fact, Jon is a cousin of James Norman Hall, who with Charles Nordhoff wrote "The Hurricane" and "Mutiny on the Bounty." But don't think for a minute that relationship had anything to do with Jon's securing the role in his cousin's film. It just happened his family was living in Hollywood, right next door to director John Ford, while all the frenzied search was going on for a *Terangi*, the native boy who played the lead.

Finally, after weeks had gone by and test after test had been made, Ford, in desperation, suggested the strapping lad who lived next door who, to their amazement, turned out to be a regular South Sea baby who knew *all* the cocoanuts on the Islands. Naturally, Jon was in.

His love of boats was inherited from his maternal grandfather, Captain Charles Chapman, who sailed his own schooner into the harbor of Papeete and became one of the Island's most respected traders. Today, young Hall's people are prominent citizens of Tahiti and control many Island industries. Jon has a fleet of four boats—a big sailing boat, a speedboat, an outboard speedster and an outrigger canoe which was brought from the Islands. With his lovely young wife, Frances Langford of the air waves, he takes Mexican fishing jaunts at the slightest provocation. As a matter of fact, Jon is either in or on the water three-fourths of his spare time. The other fourth is given over to preparing huge feasts for his friends with delectable dishes cooked in the finest South Sea style.

His first college courses were taken at the University in Neuchâtel, Switzerland and later he transferred to the International University at Geneva. Here he won renown as a ski jumper, track star, swimming and diving champion. After a whirl at Badingham College in England, he gave up all idea of law and Oxford University and went back to the Islands. With his family, he later moved to Hollywood (Jon was born in San Francisco) and "The Hurricane."



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Brown eyes, curly brown hair, easy good nature, optimism are his trademarks. Like a huge puppy, he's easy to get along with and calls Frances either "Mummy" or "Fran."

The one thing that irritates him is having to wear evening clothes. Even a plain business suit irks him. A pair of trunks is Jon's idea of what the well-dressed and rapidly rising young movie star should wear.

And, sister, can he wear 'em!

"If Winter Comes"

Spring Byington, the mother in that delightful *Jones Family* series, is the most paradoxical mother in all movie-dom and the pride of today's youthfully modern mothers the world over. Every inch of her five-feet-two radiates sparks of good humor, intelligence and alertness to life.

Spring's a honey. And what's more, she has just invented goggles that absolutely remove the curse from peeling onions.

Not all her screen work is confined to being *Mrs. Jones*. Recently, she happily sank her pretty teeth into comedy in "Lucky Partners" with Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman and she is finishing up the role of *Mrs. Stanton* in "Laddie," the picture that stars young Tim Holt.

Born in Colorado Springs, on an Indian summer's day in October, Spring, pretty and smart, was given such good roles in all the high-school plays she wanted to go right on play-acting after graduation, but her mother objected. Nothing daunted, Spring and a group of young Denverites (Denver was then the home city of her family) organized their own company and staged "The Squire's Daughter" at the famous Elitch's Gardens.

Fired by its success, they raised $600 and took the play on the road. However, it died a more or less painful death and the cast straggled homeward. All but Spring. That young lady took herself on to Kansas City, got a job with a stock company making one-night stands through the Northwest and was immediately on her way.

While on tour in South America, she married Roy Chandler, the show's manager, and became the mother of two daughters, Phyllis Helene and Lois Irene. So *Ma Jones* is also a mother off screen and, what's more, a number one mother-in-law to both her daughters' husbands.

While appearing on Broadway in a succession of good shows, Spring got her first call to Hollywood. The role was the famous *Marmee* of "Little Women," with Katharine Hepburn. From then on, it was Springtime in the Talkies (s'cuse, please).

Right now, Miss Byington is in the throes of building her own home. The main room will have a table at least ten feet long with plenty of drawers for paper, string, scissors, stickum and just things. This, she figures, will come in handy for the wrapping of all Christmas and gift packages. The walls, when the windows don't interrupt, will be lined with drawers and cupboards. One corner will be devoted to her writing equipment and the finishing of *that* book.

Another corner, where the good north light flows in, will house her inventions, the anti-onion goggles, the easy bottle washer and others. Actually, she's even invented a white gauntlet glove with red sequin back that can be seen in the dark for night driving.

She's wonderful, believe me, with her blue eyes, ash-blonde hair. Furthermore, she has such an even disposition she's known to all her friends as "Biff, the Battling Blonde."

"Hardy" Perennial

Cecilia Parker, that long-suffering sister of Mickey Rooney's in all the *Hardy* series, is neither seriously subdued nor Rooneyishly suppressed—off screen. On the contrary, she's gay, optimistic, thinks there's too much gloom in the world anyway and has a younger brother in real life—which makes younger brother *Andy Hardy*, on the screen, easier to handle.

Or that's what she thinks.

Her debut into pictures happened when she was attending Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood and was prevailed upon by a few school chums to do a little extra work in a picture. But no sooner had she got the grease paint well smeared around the edges than she was fired out, pronto, for being a minor—as if she could help that. But, just as she was leaving the Fox lot, Sol Wurtzel glimpsed her and immediately ordered a test. Cecilia signed on the dotted line and drew a salary for six months without doing one single scene.

Finally, storming the front office, she demanded some work.

Assured by Cecilia that she could ride a horse, the studio shipped her off to the Grand Canyon for location, where she was promptly given a mule *to ride down the canyon*. She'd never been on a wheelbarrow, let alone a mule, and well those cowboy extras knew it. They aided and abetted Miss Parker at every turn.

She still keeps her first mail that compliments her on her *riding* ability.

Born in Canada, she came to California with her mother, sister Linda and brother Laddie. On her latest birthday she became a good American citizen and loves it.

She's married to Dick Baldwin, actor. Out in the valley on their "one acre ranch," Cecilia and Dick own fifty chickens, a couple of grapevines and two bicycles. With lunch boxes strapped behind, she and Dick start out many a day on a bicycle riding spree.

Every free day of her life Cecilia spends annoying the house with what she calls a "good housecleaning." There's nothing good about it, with drawers emptied out and furniture piled around willy-nilly. Another thing, she keeps her car radio going constantly, whether it's a recipe program for upside-down-cake or a radio serial entitled, "Will Madge Spurn Roger's Love Tomorrow?"

She's just plain "Cissy" to all her friends, "Skippy" to George O'Brien, with whom she's played in Westerns—and, for no reason at all, she's "Sally" to *Andy* Rooney! The most awful thing that ever happened to her occurred during a San Diego personal appearance. Two minutes before she was to go on she discovered she'd forgotten her petticoat. She knew that before the footlights she'd be the living x-ray woman. So she hailed the first girl that went by and bought her petticoat right off her back.

She hopes Rooney never finds that one out.

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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Lady à la Continental

Her name isn't only Wendy Barrie, of course, or "Wenty," as Ratoff calls her. It's Marguerite Wendy Jenkins, her father being a noted British barrister, Francis Charles Jenkins. The Wendy part is a compliment to the famous character created by Sir James Barrie, and the Barrie half of her name was taken with the permission of Sir James, who was her godfather, when she went a-staging.

With the agility of a trapeze artist, Wendy swings from picture to picture, going from "Women in War," in which there were no men, to "Men Against the Sky," in which she was the only woman, and then on to "Cross-Country Romance," which she has just finished with Gene Raymond.

There is little of the world this young Englishwoman hasn't seen. Born in London, she was taken by her mother when very young to Hong Kong where her father's interests kept them several years. Later, those same business interests carried Wendy to Canada, to Tokio, Singapore, Madras, Calcutta and Rangoon as well as India's hill country. Between her around-the-world jauntings to see her father, she attended school in London and, later, a finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

She began her theatrical career as sort of a lark, joining some of her London society friends in the stage production of "Wonderbar." After that, nothing happened until one day, while lunching at the Savoy Grill in 1932, producer Alexander Korda spied her—and, struck by her fresh, young eagerness, offered her a screen test. It clicked, she clicked, we, you, and they clicked and after achieving success in England, she came to New York cold, without a letter or friend to boost her. Within ten days, she had a contract to make "pitchers" in Hollywood.

She did it with her British accent.

In a Westwood home she lives with her mother, worships the works of Noel Coward and poet Rupert Brooke and boasts author Cosmo Hamilton and surgeon Sir Richard Warren as her uncles.

She keeps fit by going early to bed at least four nights a week and allowing three nights for dates and dancing, which she loves.

Just for fun, she recently dyed her hair black, just to see what would happen. It instantly got her three new jobs and two new beaus.

Sport clothes, lots of 'em, delight her, as well as afternoon tea and a garden à la England. Sports, such as golf, tennis, swimming and riding, are her favorite pastimes.

Her close friends call her "Cracker." To a very special few, she's "Gwendola."

But don't *you* try the "Gwendola" business, remember!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

★ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal

Silly confusion which somehow lands a lot of laughs, what with Broderick Crawford as a soulful gangster who yearns to write a song hit. Composer Johnny Downs and his girl friend, Peggy Moran, get swept up in his racketeering attempts to crash the Hit Parade. Swift-paced and tuneful. (*August*)

I WAS AN ADVENTURESS—20th Century-Fox

That familiar Continental jewel-thief formula, but it makes a glamorous showcase for Zorina, as the charming swindler who tries to reform for Richard Greene. Peter Lorre and Erich Von Stroheim turn in some grand acting, while Zorina's ballet sequence alone is worth the price of admission. (*July*)

IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal

Despite fine performances from everybody concerned, this is much less than worthy of Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean. What little story there is provides a show-within-a-show for their songs and those of such early-day favorites as Blanche Ring, Eddie Leonard, Trixie Friganza. (*July*)

★ IRENE—RKO-Radio

The famous stage success hits the screen with Anna Neagle as the beautiful salesgirl who is set up in an exclusive dress shop as a model. Ray Milland is her benefactor, but the girl worries you when she seems to prefer his rival, Alan Marshal. The film has a lilting quality and "Alice Blue Gown" will haunt you throughout the unreeling of this. (*June*)

★ IT ALL CAME TRUE—Warners

If you missed Photoplay's March Movie Book, you might think this is another gangster melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart holding a club over the heads of stage-struck Ann Sheridan and composer Jeffrey Lynn in order to buy sanctuary in a boardinghouse run by their widowed mothers. But the picture ends on a gay musical note, with ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor and Jessie Busley adding their individual touches. (*June*)

★ IT'S A DATE—Universal

Here is a great picture, full of charm, good music, superb performances—and Deanna Durbin. She's the precocious daughter of a famous actress (Kay Francis, staging a comeback de luxe), who becomes her mother's rival for a stage role—and the affections of Walter Pidgeon. The unraveling is done in an entertaining fashion. Don't miss this. (*June*)

★ JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power gets all mixed up with gangsters in an attempt to get his embezzling dad (Edward Arnold) out of prison—and winds up there with him, for his pains. Dorothy Lamour is a torch singer who tries to help them out. A jail break climaxes this well-acted, suspenseful and generally superior offering. (*July*)

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

Despite the sexy ring to the title, this is all Hugh Herbert, with Hugh in six—count 'em, six—different characterizations. In his main role, he helps Constance Moore and Dennis O'Keefe save their landlady from certain eviction. (*August*)

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount

This favorite Zane Grey yarn has received excellent screen treatment. The above-average Western cast includes Victor Jory, as an outlaw-fighting ranch foreman, and Jo Ann Sayers, as a socialite who adds to his troubles. (*July*)

★ LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

Opulent, nicely cast—and rather dull, despite an astonishingly good job by Alice Faye in the title role. Henry Fonda and Don Ameche are two of her husbands and Edward Arnold is again Diamond Jim Brady, that being the lavish era portrayed. The result is more nostalgic than exciting. (*August*)

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

However, Cesar Romero's none too lucky in the newest addition to his series. What little plot there is permits him to come to the rescue of a hapless widow with a mortgaged ranch—which he does, of course, with the expected result. (*August*)

★ MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO-Radio

Irene Dunne returns from a seven-year absence on the very day that husband Cary Grant, having given her up for dead, has married Gail Patrick—and the fact that her desert-island companion turns out to be Randolph Scott doesn't help matters, either! Sophisticated humor, superbly directed and acted. (*July*)

ONE MILLION B. C.—Hal Roach-United Artists

Charging dinosaurs, whose gigantic realness is a noteworthy tribute to studio technique, create most of the excitement and keep caveman Victor Mature and cave girl Carole Landis in an understandable state of jitters. It's the darndest thing! (*July*)

★ OUR TOWN—Sol Lesser-United Artists

The Pulitzer Prize play emerges as unusual film fare which is often slow but, more often, strangely compelling. Martha Scott is the daughter of Guy Kibbee and Beulah Bondi. William Holden is the son of Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter. Their small-town courtship and marriage supply most of the plot, as "narrated" by Frank Craven. Stuart Erwin is another member of the exceptional cast. (*July*)

PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M

Welcome return of *Nick Carter*, insouciant detective perfectly portrayed by Walter Pidgeon. This time, he goes after the blokes who are blowing up ships near Panama to collect the insurance. Superior cops-and-robbers stuff, with Donald Meek very, very funny as *Bartholomew*. (*August*)

PRAIRIE LAW—RKO-Radio

You'll like this picture, if you have a weakness for Westerns. Starring George O'Brien, supported by Virginia Vale and Slim Whitaker, it is an extra good one with plenty of action, romance sincere enough to pluck at your heartstrings and some appealing cowboy music.

★ REFUGEE, THE—Republic

Surprisingly successful treatment of a simple story about two Viennese refugees (surgeon Charles Coburn and daughter Sigrid Gurie) who join forces with John Wayne in an attempt to save a stricken community in the dust bowl. It's as true as life, but courageously inspiring. (*August*)

SAFARI—Paramount

Madeleine Carroll manages to mess things up beautifully for Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Tullio Carminati when she comes along and injects the triangle motif into an already dangerous lion hunt. The story isn't much, but the players are excellent—particularly Lynne Overman in an outstanding character portrayal. (*July*)

SAINT TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio

George Sanders is as charming as ever in one of the best of this series. On this occasion, he steps out to vindicate the fair name of *Inspector Fernack* (Jonathan Hale), with some rather gory results which upset everybody except George and his helpful pal, Paul Guilfoyle. (*July*)

SANDY IS A LADY—Universal

Though Baby Sandy Henville stars, this is mainly about those "Underpup" youngsters, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, who carry the child off on a series of adventures that change the lives of everybody—including Mischa Auer. (*August*)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Warners

Loads of human interest and great performances from Anne Shirley and John Garfield can't keep this refutation of the two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one theory from being depressing. Anne tricks John, who has other plans, into a marriage which her father (Claude Rains) has a dramatic time trying to save. (*July*)

SKI PATROL—Universal

Glorifying the heroism of a small group of Finnish soldiers holding an important fort against Russian invaders. Definitely anti-aggressor in attitude, with Philip Dorn, Luli Deste, Edward Norris and others in the cast working hard. (*August*)

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

Orphan Martin Spellman sets out to find himself a papa and mama, creating lots of complications for battleship gunner James Dunn and Jean Parker. Unpretentious but pleasant. (*July*)

SOUTH OF KARANGA—Universal

Lots of action still can't conceal the weakness of a confusing plot which has Charles Bickford subduing rebellious natives in Africa. It all has something to do with copper mining and the first official trip on a new railroad line. (*August*)

★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

Taken from a portion of Linda Darnell's own life—the story of a girl trying to get a break at the studios. John Payne has a role worthy of his talents. Roland Young, as an ex-star, and Charlotte Greenwood bring hearty laughs. (*June*)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—M-G-M-British

A grim subject—coal mines and miners. Michael Redgrave plays the idealistic schoolteacher who tries to combat social injustice. A countertheme is the sordid marriage of Redgrave to Margaret Lockwood. The photography is excellent. (*June*)

★ SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M

Joan Crawford scores brilliantly as a superficial society woman whose preoccupation with each passing fad—in this case, a new religious cult—drives husband Fredric March to drink and gives daughter Rita Quigley an inferiority complex. A splendid cast plays the story up to the hilt, creating a hit which ranges from sparkling comedy to deep drama. (*August*)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

College life at the turn of the century provides horse-and-buggy antics a-plenty for such engaging juveniles as William Holden, Ezra Stone and Bonita Granville. Fun for the whole family. (*July*)

★ TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Warners

Remember "One Way Passage"? This time George Brent and Merle Oberon are doomed from the first reel—he's an escaped murderer (Pat O'Brien's his captor), she has coronary thrombosis. After a symbolic beginning, a deathless love develops, each discovers the other's secret, each pretends. See it for a good cry. (*June*)

TOMBOY—Monogram

Marcia Mae Jones has the title role as the daughter of an ex-baseball player, Grant Withers, and makes life tough for her young boy friend, Jackie Moran. Sweetness and light. (*July*)

TORRID ZONE—Warners

Proving that almost anything can happen on a Central American banana plantation managed by Pat O'Brien—and invaded by Ann Sheridan, who's carrying a torch for Jimmy Cagney. Not to be taken seriously, but it's lusty fun. (*August*)

TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists

Thorne ("Topper") Smith's loopy fantasy of the husband and wife who got their wish: "If only you were in *my* shoes for a day!" Carole Landis and John Hubbard are hilariously convincing as the couple who change bodies, as well as jobs, and nearly wreck her household and his business. Slaphappy comedy. (*July*)

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

Wallace Beery has a made-to-order role as the toughest mule skinner in all Death Valley in the early days of the borax industry. Helping him out are Leo Carrillo and Marjorie Rambeau. Top-budget Western. (*July*)

★ TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

A love of a musical—with George Murphy starting things by opening a wedge for his dance partner, Joan Blondell, to follow him on Broadway. But her young sister, Lana Turner, steps in and Joan is relegated to cigarette-girl status. Good music, good footwork, good story. (*June*)

TYPHOON—Paramount

Back to sarongs for Dottie Lamour, as a white girl cast away on a desert isle when she was only a tot. Comes love, in the person of drunken sailor Robert Preston, whom she reforms, with an assist from the typhoon. All too reminiscent of "My Jungle Love," but Lynne Overman's humor helps and so does beautiful color photography. (*July*)

★ UNTAMED—Paramount

Society doctor Ray Milland takes to the great open spaces to reform himself and thereby puts a kink in the marriage of Patricia Morison and Canadian guide Akim Tamiroff. The Technicolor's gorgeous and, since it includes a whale of a blizzard, makes for pleasantly cooling warm-weather fare. (*August*)

★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warners

A swell adventure film, with Errol Flynn the hero in the traditional manner. There's a chase, an attack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U. S. Cavalry, Miriam Hopkins (a Southern gal who falls for Northern Flynn) and Randy Scott, a Confederate captain. (*June*)

VIVA CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero, sideburns and all, spends most of the footage rescuing Jean Rogers, who's pretty and extremely good in her role. The *Kid's* honorable *Robin Hood* attitude remains staunchly the same. (*June*)

★ WATERLOO BRIDGE—M-G-M

This tearful story of World War I is important chiefly because of the work of Vivien Leigh (first since "GWTW") and Robert Taylor (first with his new mustache). Their pathetic romance is broken when he's reported killed in action and she takes to the world's oldest profession—which means plenty of heartaches when he turns up alive. (*August*)

WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount

Akim Tamiroff is a respected banker until crooks swindle him out of his trust on a trip to New York. His resultant degradation and exile from wife Gladys George, who courageously goes on bringing up the family, offers a "Stella Dallas" in reverse. Morbid and tear-drenched, but for the most part honest and well-acted. (*July*)

WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic

In the title role, Edmund Lowe isn't a crook—but he's mighty close to it, as a lawyer who works on the side of crime and against law and order. Adequate cops-and-robbers entertainment. (*July*)

WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

Not a very auspicious comeback for Elsie Janis, favorite entertainer of the doughboys during World War I. Here she's in charge of a hospital at the front and trying, in her hard-boiled way, to watch over Wendy Barrie, who has all the other girls down on her because she's so darned attractive. (*July*)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—RKO

Lucille Ball and James Ellison are a nice young married couple who suffer from too much mother-in-law interference — particularly after Jimmy comes home drunk from entertaining a client. Simple, unsophisticated entertainment. (*August*)

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH—Universal

The Dead End Kids are reformed again (probably as temporarily as in the past), in this case by an Italian woman who believes Billy Halop is her long-lost son. She has a hard time doing it, though. (*August*)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones

CORRECT ANSWERS:

1. Ginger Rogers
2. Anna Neagle
3. Orry-Kelly
4. Charles Grapewin
5. Becky Sharp
6. Susan and God, The Boys from Syracuse
7. Clara Bow
8. Genevieve Tobin, Ann Dvorak
9. Gale Page (Mrs. Knute Rockne) in "Knute Rockne—All American"
10. "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS" — RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Michael Kanin and Jerry Cady. From the novel by L. M. Montgomery. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *Anne Shirley*, Anne Shirley; *Tony Pringle*, James Ellison; *Matey*, Henry Travers; *Gilbert Blythe*, Patric Knowles; *Jabez Monkman*, Slim Summerville; *Rebecca*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Catherine Pringle*, Louise Campbell; *Betty Grayson*, Joan Carroll; *Ernestine Pringle*, Katharine Alexander; *Kate*, Minnie Dupree; *Mrs. Stephen Pringle*, Alma Kruger; *Jen Pringle*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Hester Pringle*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Morton Pringle*, Clara Blandick.

"BABIES FOR SALE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Robert D. Andrews and Joseph Carole. From the story by Robert Chapin. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Ruth Williams*, Rochelle Hudson; *Steve Burton*, Glenn Ford; *Dr. Rankin*, Miles Mander; *Dr. Gaines*, Joseph Stefani; *Miss Talbot*, Georgia Caine; *Edith Drake*, Isabel Jewell; *Gerda Bonaker*, Eve Hyde; *Mr. Kingsley*, Selmer Jackson; *Mrs. Kingsley*, Mary Currier; *Mr. Edwards*, Edwin Stanley.

"BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ed Verdier. From the original story by Ed Verdier and Alan Drady. Directed by Shepard Traube. Cast: *Midge Lambert*, Lynne Roberts; *Johnny Dixon*, Ted North; *Captain McGuire*, Edgar Kennedy; *Pete*, Robert Armstrong; *Flannel-mouth*, Lionel Stander; *Bill Daly*, Richard Lane; *E. J. Randall*, Grant Mitchell; *Whispers*, Harry Tyler; *Dick Williams*, Edmund MacDonald; *Brains*, Horace MacMahon; *Max*, Anthony Caruso; *Harvey*, Billy Mitchell.

"CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Clork. Based on the play "Old Lady 31" by Rachel Crothers and the novel by Louise Forsslund. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: *Captain Abe Peabody*, Charles Coburn; *Angie Peabody*, Beulah Bondi; *Mary Peabody*, Virginia Grey; *Nancy Crocker*, Helen Broderick; *Blossy Stort*, Billie Burke; *Perth Nickerson*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Abigail Morrow*, Helen Westley; *Sarah May Willett*, Marjorie Main; *Mrs. Homans*, Cecil Cunningham; *Samuel Darby*, Clem Bevans.

"CROOKED ROAD, THE" — REPUBLIC. — Screen play by Garnett Weston and Joseph Krumgold. Original story and adaptation by E. E. Paramore Jr. and Richard Blake. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *John Vincent*, Edmund Lowe; *Louise*, Irene Hervey; *Bob Trent*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Nick Romero*, Paul Fix; *Gobel*, Arthur Loft.

"CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE" — RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady and Bert Granet. From the novel "Highway to Romance" by Eleanor Browne. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Larry*, Gene Raymond; *Diane*, Wendy Barrie; *Mrs. North*, Hedda Hopper; *Orestes*, Billy Gilbert; *Walter Corbett*, George P. Huntley; *Conway*, Berton Churchill; *Pete*, Tom Dugan; *First Cop*, Edgar Dearing; *Second Cop*, Frank Sully.

"DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN" —RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Marion Orth. Directed by William McGann. Cast: *Dr. Paul Christian*, Jean Hersholt; *Judy Price*, Dorothy Lovett; *George Browning*, Edgar Kennedy; *Prof. Kenneth Parker*, Rod LaRocque; *Bill Ferris*, Frank Albertson; *Kitty Browning*, Marilyn Merrick; *Mrs. Hastings*, Maude Eburne; *Carol Compton*, Veda Ann Borg; *Martha Browning*, Lelah Tyler; *Dr. Webster*, William Gould; *Annie*, Phyllis Kennedy; *Alice Mason*, Bertha Priestley; *Gladys Mason*, Diedra Vale; *Ed*, Heinie Conklin.

"FUGITIVE, THE"—An English Production released by Universal.—Adaptation and scenario by Brian Desmond Hurst, Patrick Kirwan and Terence Young. From the novel by Frederick Lawrence Green. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. Cast: *Will Kobling*, Ralph Richardson; *Kit Kobling*, Diana Wynyard; *Jimsey Jones*, Romney Brent; *Lizzie Crane*, Mary Clare; *Pilleger*, Henry Oscar; *Jim Smith*, Dave Crowley.

"FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A" — WARNERS.—Screen play by Alex Gottlieb. From an original story by Leonard Neubauer. Directed by Terry Morse. Cast: *Dan Miller*, Roger Pryor; *Janet Martin*, Lucile Fairbanks; *Ziggy*, Eddie Foy Jr.; *Ruby Patterson*, Sheila Bromley; *"Julie" Alexander*, Morgan Conway; *Lee Leslie*, Donald Douglas; *Mark Rogers*, John Gallaudet; *Mrs. Leslie*, Lottie Williams; *Hinky-Dink*, Joe Devlin; *Zorilla*, Stevan Darrell; *Gorwin*, John Harmen; *Murphy*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Corkery*, Thomas Jackson.

"I WANT A DIVORCE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frank Butler. Based on a story by Adela Rogers St. John. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: *Geraldine (Jerry) Brokaw*, Joan Blondell; *Alan MacNally*, Dick Powell; *Wanda Holland*, Gloria Dickson; *Jeff Gilman*, Frank Fay; *Grandma Brokaw*, Jessie Ralph; *David Holland, Sr.*, Conrad Nagel; *Erskine Brandon*, Sidney Blackmer; *"Peppy" Gilman*, Dorothy Burgess; *David Holland, Jr.*, Mickey Kuhn; *Grandpa Brokaw*, Harry Davenport.

"MARYLAND" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Original screen play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *William Stewart*, Walter Brennan; *Charlotte Danfield*, Fay Bainter; *Linda*, Brenda Joyce; *Lee Danfield*, John Payne; *Dick Piper*, Charlie Ruggles; *Hattie*, Hattie McDaniel; *Georgie Tomlin*, Marjorie Weaver; *Spencer Danfield*, Sidney Blackmer; *Shadrach*, Ben Carter; *Dogface*, Ernest Whitman; *Buckman*, Paul Harvey; *Tom Bolton*, Robert Lowery; *Judge*, Spencer Charters; *Announcer*, Ed Thorgersen; *Doctor*, Stanley Andrews; *Diggs*, Erville Alderson; *Veterinarian*, Frank Thomas; *Sheriff*, Cliff Clark; *Mrs. Carrington*, Grace Hayle; *John Addison*, William Davidson; *Reverend Bitters*, Clarence Muse; *Naomi*, Madame Sul-te-wan.

"MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. From a story by Martin Mooney. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Nick*, Lee Tracy; *Helen*, Linda Hayes; *Vander*, Raymond Walburn; *Brent*, Morgan Conway; *Collins*, Truman Bradley; *May*, Virginia Vale; *Happy*, Cliff Edwards; *Ox*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Kellogg*, Thurston Hall; *Keats*, Chester Clute; *Professor*, Shemp Howard; *S.O.S.*, Horace MacMahon; *Hammond*, Thomas E. Jackson; *Brody*, Elliott Sullivan; *Dr. Lindsey*, Selmer Jackson.



(Continued from page 10)

12. NEW KIND OF VACUUM CLEANER!

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Cutex supplies the grandest little kit to arm collegiennes with what they'll need for nice-looking nails at school. "Twin-Kit," it's called, and it stores a bottle of "Rumpus" or "Riot" (newest Cutex polishes), a bottle of oily polish remover and a roll of cotton. Handy to have and easy to buy at 35c the kit.

14. GENTLE PERSUADER

Who'd have thought that 4½ ounces of petal-pink flower-perfumed rubber packed in a pretty flowered case could be such a controlling influence in a college girl's life! But it is—when it's Kleinert's "Sporttime" pantie-girdle, a supple, satin restrainer that's easy to wear, to wash and to dry, and never, never rolls into a tire at the top. $1 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

15. THE ULTIMATE LUXURY

How would you like to have five pounds of perfumed bath crystals sitting on your bathroom shelf! Put it this way—who wouldn't? Well, you can, because Wrisley has just put out a five-pound bag of perfumed, water-softening salts in a fresh new odor, apple blossom. For less than 70c, you can be a scented siren, too!

16. NEW! THE CROTCH-ZIP GIRDLE

Clothes are so efficient these days—we can hardly keep up with the improvements! Newest of all is Sheer Mold's "Crotch-Zip" pantie-girdle of petal pink Leno and satin Lastex. A feather-weight crotch-zipper puts an end to the tugging and straining that results in broken fingernails. $5 at Bullock's, Los Angeles.

17. HOT TAMALE

All this talk about South America set Coty to thinking about South American beauties. The next step was a magnificent South American make-up, "Tamale," vivid, vibrant, fine for blondes or brunettes, smart with black or white or midway colors. Try it. The powder ("Air-Spun") $1; rouge, 50c; lipstick, 50c and $1. B. Altman & Co., New York.

18. CORN CONSUMERS, ATTENTION!

Corn-on-the-cob fanciers will cheer for Carole Stupell's new corn-eating accessories—a crystal dish that looks like an ear of corn itself, with a special well for butter, 75c. Also two tiny Sterling silver picks that grip the corn and keep your digits tidy, $1.65 pr. Even the fastidious can come clean through a corn-eating orgy! Carole Stupell, New York.

"MORTAL STORM, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Claudine West, Andersen Ellis and George Froeschel. Based on the book by Phyllis Bottome. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: *Freya Roth*, Margaret Sullavan; *Martin Breitner*, James Stewart; *Fritz Marberg*, Robert Young; *Professor Roth*, Frank Morgan; *Otto Von Rohn*, Robert Stack; *Elsa*, Bonita Granville; *Mrs. Roth*, Irene Rich; *Erich Von Rohn*, William T. Orr; *Mrs. Breitner*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Rudi*, Gene Reynolds; *Rector*, Russell Hicks; *Lehman*, William Edmunds; *Marta*, Esther Dale; *Holl*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Professor Berg*, Granville Bates; *Professor Werner*, Thomas Ross; *Franz*, Ward Bond; *Theresa*, Sue Moore; *2nd Colleague*, Harry Depp; *3rd Colleague*, Julius Tannen; *4th Colleague*, Gus Glassmire.

"MY LOVE CAME BACK"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Michael Hogan. From an original story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. Cast: *Amelia Cullen*, Olivia de Havilland; *Tony Baldwin*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Julius Malette*, Charles Winninger; *Dusty Rhodes*, Eddie Albert; *Joy O'Keefe*, Jane Wyman; *Mrs. Malette*, Spring Byington; *Paul Malette*, William Orr; *Valerie Malette*, Ann Gillis; *Ludwig*, S. Z. Sakall.

"NEW MOON"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jacques Deval and Robert Arthur. Based on the musical operetta "New Moon." Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Marianne De Beaumanoir*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Charles*, Nelson Eddy; *Valerie De Rossac*, Mary Boland; *Vicomte Ribaud*, George Zucco; *Father Michel*, H. B. Warner; *Governor of New Orleans*, Grant Mitchell; *Tambour*, Stanley Fields; *Alexander*, Richard Purcell; *Pierre Brugnon*, John Miljan; *Guizot*, Ivan Simpson; *Pierre*, William Tannen; *Julie*, Bunty Cutler; *Monsieur Du Bois*, Claude King; *Governor's Wife*, Cecil Cunningham; *Maurice*, Joe Yule; *Ship's Captain*, George Irving; *Captain De Jean*, Edwin Maxwell.

"OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Harry Rebuas. Based upon a book by Margaret Sidney. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Polly Pepper*, Edith Fellows; *Phronsie Pepper*, Dorothy Ann Seese; *Mrs. Pepper*, Dorothy Peterson; *Ben Pepper*, Charles Peck; *Joey Pepper*, Tommy Bond; *Davie Pepper*, Bobby Larson; *Jim Anderson*, Victor Kilian; *Alice Anderson*, Helen Brown; *Ole*, Emory Parnell; *Mr. King*, Pierre Watkin; *Jasper King*, Ronald Sinclair; *Caleb*, Walter Soderling; *Tom*, Roger Gray.

"POP ALWAYS PAYS" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Charles E. Roberts. From the story by Arthur J. Beckhard. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Henry Brewster*, Leon Errol; *Jeff Thompson*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Edna Brewster*, Adele Pearce; *Tommy Lane*, Walter Catlett; *Mrs. Brewster*, Marjorie Gateson; *Murphy*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Oberton*, Robert Middlemass.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" — M-G-M. — Screen play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. Based upon the dramatization of Jane Austen's novel written by Helen Jerome. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Elizabeth Bennet*, Greer Garson; *Mr. Darcy*, Laurence Olivier; *Mrs. Bennet*, Mary Boland; *Lady Catherine De Bourgh*, Edna May Oliver; *Jane Bennet*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Lydia Bennet*, Ann Rutherford; *Miss Bingley*, Frieda Inescort; *Mr. Bennet*, Edmund Gwenn; *Mrs. Collins*, Karen Morley; *Kitty Bennet*, Heather Angel; *Mary Bennet*, Marsha Hunt; *Mr. Bingley*, Bruce Lester; *Mr. Wickham*, Edward Ashley; *Mr. Collins*, Melville Cooper; *Mr. Denny*, Marten Lamont; *Sir William Lucas*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. Phillips*, May Beatty; *Lady Lucas*, Marjorie Wood.

"PRIVATE AFFAIRS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass and Charles Grayson. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Cast: *Jane Bullerton*, Nancy Kelly; *Amos Bullerton*, Roland Young; *Angus McPherson*, Hugh Herbert; *Jimmy Nolan*, Robert Cummings; *Noble Bullerton*, Montagu Love; *Herbert Stanley*, C. P. Huntley, Jr.

"QUEEN OF THE MOB"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Horace McCoy and William R. Lipman. From J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons In Hiding." Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Scott Langham*, Ralph Bellamy; *Bert Webster*, William Henry; *Tom Webster*, Paul Kelly; *Ethel Webster*, Jean Cagney; *Ma Webster*, Blanche Yurka; *Mrs. Emily Sturgis*, Hedda Hopper; *Ross Waring*, Jack Carson; *Eddie Webster*, James Seay; *Charlie Webster*, Richard Denning.

"SEA HAWK, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Howard Koch. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *Francis Thorpe*, Errol Flynn; *Dona Maria*, Brenda Marshall; *Don Alvarez*, Claude Rains; *Sir John Burleson*, Donald Crisp; *Queen Elizabeth*, Flora Robson; *Carl Pitt*, Alan Hale; *Lord Wolfingham*, Henry Daniell; *King Phillip II*, Montagu Love; *Captain Lopez*, Gilbert Roland; *Miss Latham*, Una O'Connor; *Danny Logan*, William Lundigan; *Abbott*, James Stephenson; *Frobisher*, Robert Warwick; *Hawkins*, Guy Bellis; *Eli Matson*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Oliver Scott*, Julien Mitchell; *Arnold Boggs*, Clyde Cooke; *Eph Winters*, Herbert Anderson; *Peralta*, Ian Keith; *Darnell*, Frederick Warlock; *Hormiston*, Ian MacLaren; *William Tuttle*, Clifford Brooke; *Kroner*, Francis McDonald; *Martin Burke*, David Bruce; *Barrell*, Frank Wilcox; *Charlmaker*, Alac Craig.

"STREET OF MEMORIES"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Robert Lees and Frederic I. Rinaldo. Directed by Shepard Traube. Cast: *Catherine Foster*, Lynne Roberts; *Harry Brent*, Guy Kibbee; *Joe Mason*, John McGuire; *Mike Sullivan*, Ed Gargan; *Mr. Foster*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mr. Grower*, Jerome Cowan; *Mr. Havens*, Charles Waldron; *Student Barber*, Sterling Holloway; *Tommy*, Scotty Beckett.

"THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. From the novel by A. I. Bezzerides. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: *Cassie Hartley*, Ann Sheridan; *Joe Fabrini*, George Raft; *Paul Fabrini*, Humphrey Bogart; *Lana Carlsen*, Ida Lupino; *Ed Carlsen*, Alan Hale; *Pearl Fabrini*, Gale Page; *Irish McGurn*, Roscoe Karns; *Harry McNamara*, John Litel; *Farnsworth*, Charles Halton.

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"—RKO-RADIO.—Adaptation and screen play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towne & Graham Baker. From the book by Thomas Hughes. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Cast: *Dr. Arnold*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *East*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Tom Brown*, Jimmy Lydon; *Mrs. Arnold*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Flashman*, Billy Halop; *Sally*, Polly Moran; *Walker*, Hughie Green; *Squire Brown*, Ernest Cossart; *Old Thomas*, Alec Craig; *Effie*, Gale Storm; *Old Grimey*, Barlowe Borland; *Coachman*, Forrester Harvey; *Farmer Jenkins*, Leonard Willey; *Old Brooke*, Ian Fulton.

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